

# GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE



MAY 1947

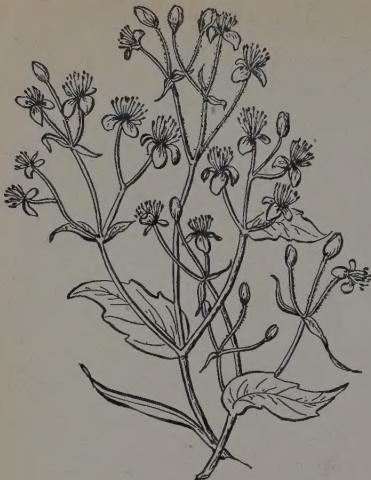
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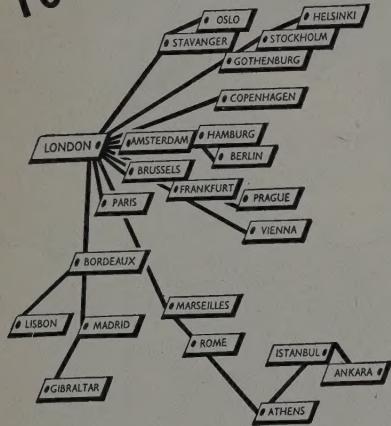
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Michael Huxley

Executive Editor

Katherine Griffiths

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Subscriptions: 40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2 (Tel. Temple Bar 0127).

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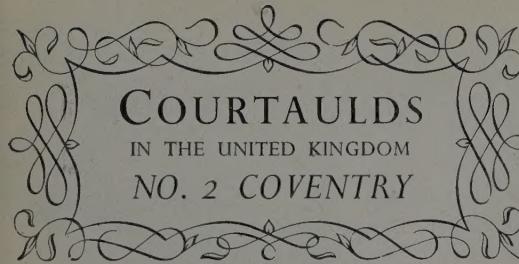
Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, will you tell us what course  
 (All along, out along, down along lea)  
 You took to develop the thews of a horse,  
 Like Carnera, Goliath, Eugene Sandow, Gog and Magog,  
 Paul Bunyan, Asar Thor,  
 And Popeye the Sailor and all, and Popeye the Sailor and all.

My mare, you remember, so lately deceased,  
 (By the terms of her will I'm the sole legatee)  
 Was in several respects a remarkable beast,  
 Like Bucephalus, Prince Regent, Hrimfaxi, Copenhagen,  
 Black Beauty, Brown Bess,  
 (Eohippus was rather too small, Eohippus was rather too small.)

Although, being horse, she could not herself sing,  
 A prop of the opera nightly was she,  
 For she carried the diva through most of The Ring,  
 And Tannhäuser, Don Juan, Leonora, Traviata, Trovatore, Pagliacci,  
 And old Uncle Siegfried and all, and old Uncle Siegfried and all.

She died; and to carry the vast prima-donna  
 (Seventeen stone) now devolved upon me.  
 "Bring Guinness!" I cried, "or Tom Pearce is a gonner!  
 Not zibbib, nor arrak, nor toddy, nor metheglin, nor date-beer,  
 nor tedj,  
 Bring Guinness or nothing at all! Bring Guinness or nothing at all."

The dame was amazed by her spirited mount,  
 And ever since then I'm a strong devotee  
 Of Guinness, whose virtues are quite without count,  
 And for goodness, and richness, body-building,  
 Frame-filling, muscle-making, good health,  
 A Guinness is good for us all, a Guinness is good for us all.



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Here from 1905 to 1910 the firm's chemists, technologists and workpeople fought difficulty after difficulty in spinning what later became the most successful type of rayon yarn in the world. These endeavours not only founded the Company's present-day prosperity but advanced the textile industries—and the dress standards—of every civilised country. It was from these works that a nucleus of technicians left in 1909 to found the rayon industry in the United States of America.

Today Courtaulds have four factories in Coventry and district. At Main Works viscose yarn is spun and the greater part of the Company's machinery is made. At Matlock Road and nearby Nuneaton the yarn is processed for use by the textile industries, and at Little Heath cellulose acetate rayon yarn and plastics are manufactured.

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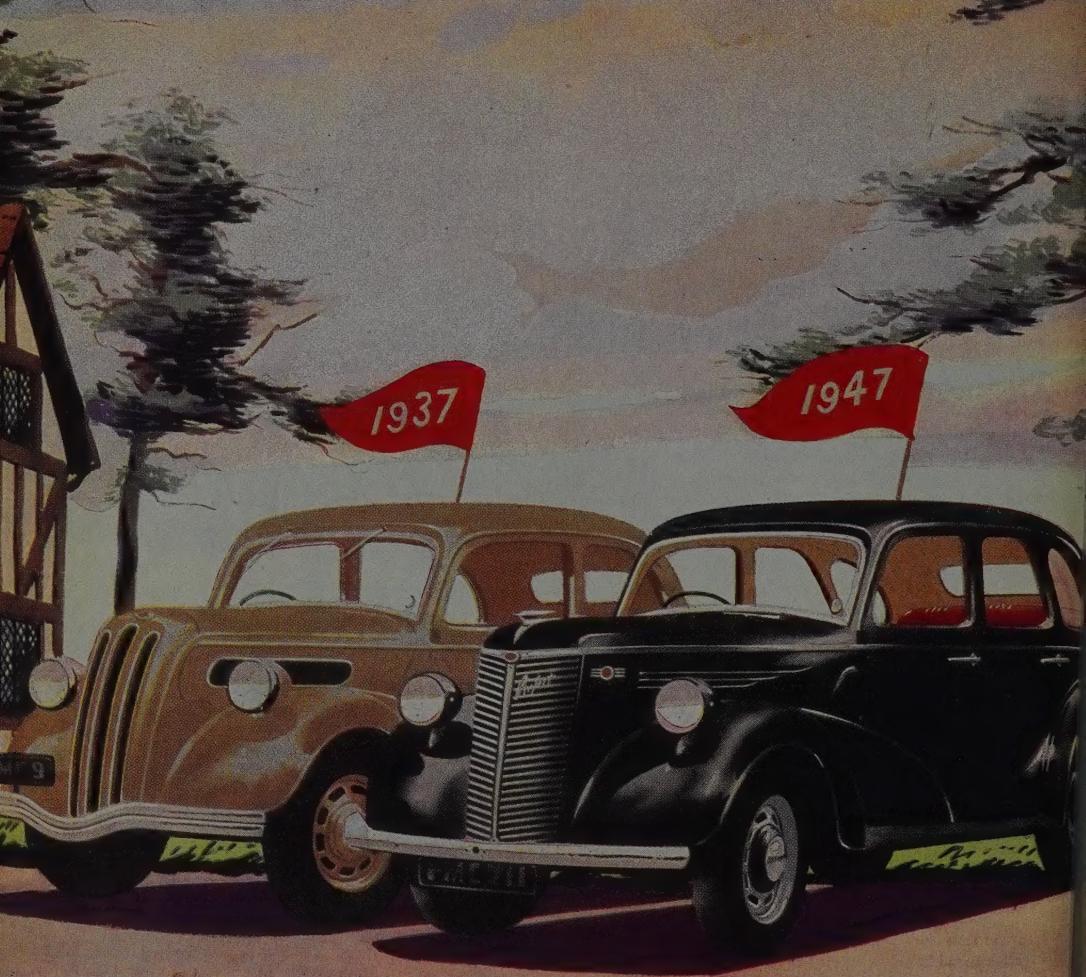
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66

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# COURTAULDS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

No. 4 WOLVERHAMPTON

After 1918 the demand for rayon soared and, to meet it, Courtaulds built new factories. The largest of these was at Dunstall Hall, Wolverhampton, bringing to the town an entirely new industry. Building operations began in 1924, and the first viscose rayon yarn was produced in 1926.

Later the works were doubled in size, and in 1937 the present warp-knitting mill was added to make knitted rayon fabrics; this is now in process of being re-equipped with new British machines, fastest of their kind in the world.

The Second World War brought upheaval. Large areas of the factory were requisitioned for Admiralty and other purposes. The knitting department was moved to one of the Company's Essex mills. Bomb-filling at the factory kept some hard at work, while largely from Wolverhampton the Company provided personnel for a complete Royal Ordnance factory a few miles away. Most of such rayon yarn as was still made at Dunstall Hall went into aeroplane and vehicle tyres.

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*This is one of a series of statements to inform the public of some part of the contribution made by Courtaulds' industrial enterprise to economic well-being in various districts of the United Kingdom.*

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Courtaulds Ltd., 16 St. Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

# THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

Editor

Michael Huxley

Executive Editor

Art Editor

Katherine Griffiths

Harald Hall

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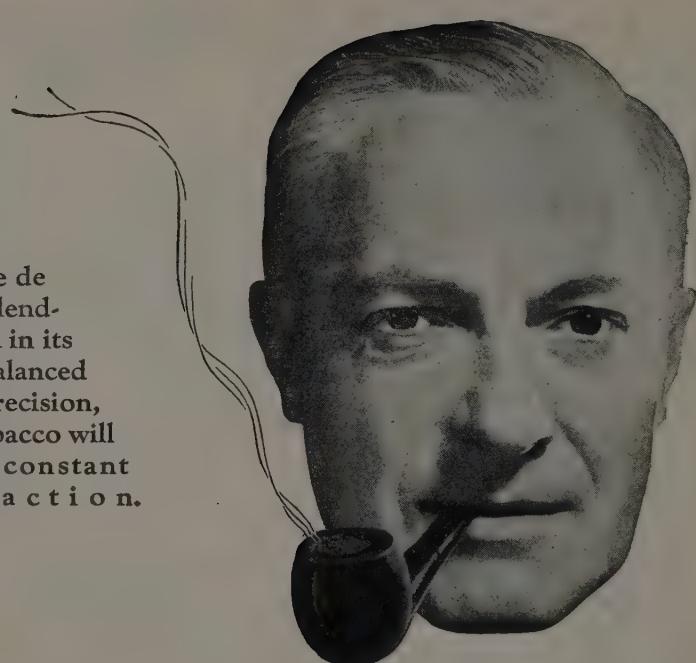
Subscriptions: 40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2 (Tel. Temple Bar 0127).

Advertisement Offices: C. H. G. Nida, Ltd., 19 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2 (Tel. Whitehall 5789).

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Subscriptions: 40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2 (Tel. Temple Bar 0127).

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# COURTAULDS

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

NO. 5 LEIGH, LANCASHIRE

COURTAULDS have two rayon weaving mills at Leigh, in the heart of Lancashire's cotton and coal industries. One is Brook Mill, the other is Bedford New Mill.

Half a century ago Courtaulds had been conducting a thriving silk manufacturing industry in North Essex for over 70 years. But they could not expand there because of insufficient labour; so, in 1898, for the first time they started manufacture elsewhere—at Brook Mill, Leigh, which they purchased and extended.

Eight years later, when the Company started making its new viscose rayon yarn at Coventry, it was decided to prove the yarn's qualities by weaving it at Leigh as well as in the Essex mills. In this way one of Lancashire's cotton towns shared in the early development of the British rayon industry.

The world demand for rayon fabrics led in 1918 to Courtaulds acquiring their second mill in the town—Bedford New Mill. Extended and re-equipped, this also wove viscose rayon yarn into linings and materials for dresses, blouses, shirts, pyjamas and other apparel.

In 1939, with 130 years' experience dating back to the old hand-loom days, Courtaulds gave a lead to the rayon textile industry by installing at Bedford New Mill over 300 of the most modern American automatic looms, specially built to weave rayon fabrics. This production unit was opened to any British manufacturer desiring to inspect it.

During the war both mills at Leigh produced parachute and other cloths for the armed forces as well as materials for civilian needs.

Today about 800 of Courtaulds' 22,000 employees in the United Kingdom are busy in these two mills, contributing a growing share towards the national production of rayon fabrics.

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*C. J. Ware from Keystone Press*

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Subscriptions: 40-42 William IV Street, London, W.C.2 (Tel. Temple Bar 0127).

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XV



## Mushroom Growth

*“It’s just a copy-caterpillar,” said Alice*

“Being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing,” said Alice.

“It isn’t,” said the Caterpillar.

“Well,” said Alice, “everything I eat in this country makes me change size, and all I know is it makes me feel very queer.”

“If that’s all you know,” said the Caterpillar, “no wonder you don’t know what’s good for you. Now, take this Guinness for example. No don’t,” it added quickly.

“Of course I know what’s Good for You” said Alice.

“And I thought you took it for strength, not example.”

“You do,” said the Caterpillar, “I mean, I do. Now Guinness makes you change all the time too, but always in the same direction. You just go on getting stronger — it’s almost monotonous.”

“For goodness sake,” cried Alice, “don’t you want to grow strong?”

“For Goodness sake,” said the Caterpillar, “I would grow 80,000 acres of barley and lots and lots of lovely hops. But other people do that for Guinness, so all I have to reap is the benefit.”

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# The Red Army Man Goes Home

by RALPH PARKER

*What effect have his war experiences had on the returning Red Army soldier and what changes, resulting from the war, is he encountering in his homeland? The difficulties of obtaining a satisfactory answer to this question are obvious to most people outside the Soviet Union. The following article, by the correspondent of The Times in Moscow, has been subjected to the usual censorship. Nevertheless, it affords an instructive comparison to the answers given in our February, March and December 1946 numbers, from the Australian, South African and Canadian standpoints*

THE release of men from the Red Army began long before the war was over. Many of those workers, both agricultural and industrial, who accompanied the armies as they fell back in the early stages of the war were demobilized as their homes were freed. Only in this way was the enemy's plan to create a desert in the Red Army's rear defeated. Thus coal-miners began to return to civil life immediately after the liberation of the Donets Basin in 1943. Later, large numbers of school teachers were demobilized to staff the rebuilt schools of Russia and Ukraine. At the same time, the advancing armies gathered up many able-bodied men from the forests and marshes who had been missed by the mobilization of 1941 owing to the speed of the German advance, but contributed their share in the war by partisan activity.

Large-scale demobilization, however, did not come into effect until the end of hostilities. During the first months of peace, it had the same casual and, in the best sense of the word, primitive character as the *levée en masse* that had brought Russia's millions under arms. The traveller in the Ukraine would often see small groups of women beside the straight high-cambered main roads, usually near where rutted dirt-tracks led across the fields to the villages. They watched the passing carts with indifference, but when a lorry came in sight would rise and, in an ancient gesture of anxiety, lift their clasped hands to their throats and advance to the edge of the road. The lorries, dust-stained Studebakers and Soviet-built ZIS, with limp branches of birch tied to the side for shade and perhaps a crudely painted portrait of Stalin, did not often stop, and then the women would stand for a while gazing dejectedly after the fading plume of dust before resuming their vigil. But sometimes a lorry would squeal to a halt, a figure leap over the back-board, reach for a kit-bag and

turn to seek his waiting family and taste the first poignant joys of coming home from the wars.

In the cities, crowds gathered at the railway stations, decorated with banner-streamers bearing messages welcoming the returning soldiers. Demobilized men had the right of free travel to their home towns, where, from the local authorities, they received civilian identification papers in exchange for their pay-books and, if they were in need of it, accommodation. They had the right to claim work of equivalent standard to their pre-war jobs or according to qualifications gained during military service. Many of the younger ones went at once into technical schools and universities where education was provided gratis. New uniforms, without insignia, were issued to demobilized men on request. The Soviet Army uniform is today widely worn as a civilian dress.

In striking distinction to the situation after the first World War, Soviet Russia is the only belligerent European power that has emerged from war to peace with its political structure not only unchanged but manned by the same principal personalities as in pre-war days. The discredit into which British Conservatism, French Radical-Socialism, and the political doctrines of pre-war Polish, Yugoslav and other European régimes fell between 1939 and 1945 was clearly shown in a series of dramatic events. Yet in the Soviet Union the Communist Party and non-party bloc received virtually unanimous support in elections held within six months of the end of the war against Japan. Perhaps, in the field of politics, nothing distinguishes the U.S.S.R. from other belligerent lands as much as its avoidance of the wave of antagonism to existing régimes that swept over the world after the war, culminating in the American electorate's response to the Republican party's popular slogan "Had Enough? Vote



By courtesy of "Ogonyok"

*Kirill Yefimovich Velichko, a mason, working on the top story of 19 Gorky Street, Moscow—the same house he began building before he went to war in 1941*

Republican." Unlike those lands where the war was accompanied by great social changes expressed in the emergence of new political groupings or in guarantees being given that victory would be the signal for legislation of a radical character, the Soviet Government undertook no special commitments towards its people that involved a change of course. When its leaders used the term "reconstruction" to describe their policy, it corresponded far more closely to their aims than it could possibly do in a Britain or France whose governments were pledged not to reconstruct

but to reshape. For the U.S.S.R. the Great Patriotic War was an interruption in progress towards ends clearly defined in the Stalin Constitution and in the Communist Party's programme as enunciated at the 18th Congress. In the industrial field, for example, the targets for 1960 outlined by Stalin last spring are little different from those held before the people in 1939 as necessary of attainment if this land were to overtake the capitalist countries industrially. The recent campaign by the Party to raise the political qualifications of its many new members, to check abuses in local administration, in the Kolkhoz régime and in trade-union practice, and to remind workers in literature and the arts of their obligations to a society in reconstruction, has tended to emphasize that the Soviet Union has not taken, as some had believed it might, a new course in its internal affairs after the war.

One courts misunderstanding by asserting that the returning soldier finds the Soviet Union fundamentally unchanged. The loss of so high a proportion of its young man-power, the wrecking of its cities and the laying waste of its land, above all the forging on the anvil of war of a great army led by men of whom little had been heard before, would seem to provide sufficient elements for profound changes. Yet there are less signs than might be thought to indicate that the Soviet Union of 1960 is likely to be very different from that which might have been achieved some ten or twelve years earlier had there been no war. When the enemy was forced back out of the U.S.S.R., Soviet power was re-established, the collective-farm system was put into operation again, private enterprises disappeared, and the authority of the Party was reaffirmed as swiftly as if these features had been not twenty-five to thirty but hundreds of years

old.

The régime could not have had clearer proof of its popularity, or the world outside of the fact that the régime was acceptable to the broad masses of the people, than this general endorsement of the Soviet system at a time when many opportunities existed for defiance.

Inquiries that have been made recently into abuses of the Kolkhoz charter do not provide any indication that there has been any serious movement of peasant opinion against the principle of the collective farm, which, if anything, has been reinforced by

(right) Blown up by the retreating Russians in 1941, Dnieprostroy hydro-electric power station resumed delivery with one turbine on March 3, 1947. Power from the River Dnieper will speed the restoration of industry throughout Ukraine and of coal production in the Donets Basin, which furnished 60 per cent of the Soviet Union's coal in 1938

(below) Engineers of the building trust which is restructuring Orel. Soviet territory invaded by the Germans had a population of millions, of whom 25 millions were rendered homeless by the destruction, "wholly or part", of some 6 million buildings. Compare this with 3,265 buildings rendered fit for occupation by enemy action in the United Kingdom



Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R.

By courtesy of "Ogonyok"





By courtesy of "Ogonyok"

*An official of the Rostov provincial agricultural service with a distinguished war record; S. I. Kolesnikov, Hero of the Soviet Union, now back at his old job. To such 'agronomists' was mainly due the immense increase in mechanization on the land which so greatly helped the Soviet war effort*

the incidence of drought in some areas since the war.

The change from war to peace conditions has undoubtedly been made easier by the government's announcement of far-reaching plans for expanding the nation's economy far beyond the point reached at the outbreak of war. The great significance of Stalin's announcement early in 1946 of the targets to be aimed at during the next fifteen years was to direct people's minds forward beyond the immediate tasks of reconstruction. Once again he was seen not as a war leader but as the author of a dynamic policy for exploiting the country's natural resources in the interests of the ordinary citizen.

When the war broke out, people had grown accustomed to a steady improvement in their standard of living. Bread had been off the ration for six or seven years and the iron years of the first two Five-Year Plans seemed far behind. Reporting on the work of the Central Committee in March 1939, Stalin had referred to the completion of the process of reconstructing industry and agriculture on the basis of a new, modern technique. The vestiges of the exploiting classes had been completely eliminated, the friendship between the nations of the Soviet Union had

become close, a new Constitution had been created; the result being a stable internal situation. In 1941, despite the war abroad, despite the Soviet leaders' rising anxiety about Hitler's plans, the country as a whole was enjoying the fruits of its efforts in the 'thirties, when, in five years, the output of industry had been doubled. Particularly striking had been the changes in the position of the farming community, from which the majority of the Red Army's soldiers were to be drawn. In 1933 the number of tractors in use was 211,000; five years later 483,000 (considered on a horse-power basis the increase in tractor power was even greater, about three times); 25,000 harvester combines in 1933 had become 153,000 in 1938 and the total of motor trucks was raised from 26,000 to nearly 200,000. During the same time the total monetary incomes of collective farmers rose from about five and a half billion roubles to over fourteen billions. Increased mechanization on the farms enabled the land to release between 1,000,000 and 1,500,000 young people annually for the needs of an expanding industry. Many young peasants who obtained their first taste of life during compulsory service in the Red Army left it to take up factory jobs.

The imagination of the Soviet citizen, especially of the younger generations, was deeply stirred by the unfolding picture of the conquest of nature and the tapping of the land's resources that the fulfilment of the Stalin plans revealed. The able men who direct the political education of the masses created a general awareness of the course the country was taking. The achievements of Polar explorers, long-distance fliers, or of scientists experimenting on methods to increase grain yields, were presented in a way that appealed both to the Russian love of adventure and to that "revolutionary romanticism" which Maxim Gorki had done much to inspire. People grew as familiar with the astronomic figures of five-year planning as they were with the simple multiplication table and knew the shape of their sprawling country better than that of their native towns and farms. Progress in the harnessing of rivers or the destruction of malarial mosquitoes was followed with the keen attention a British working man devotes to the first division of the Football Association. The public grasped eagerly at simple political ideas framed in a way that made them readily comprehensible to the ordinary citizen. The fundamental problems were seen as those concerned with the future progress of industry, the rise in the productivity of labour and the perfection of the technique of production; the aims of Soviet policy as the improvement of the material and

cultural standards of life and the completion of the process of democratization, which primarily meant increasing the participation of the ordinary citizen in the management of the affairs of the group to which he belonged. The returning soldier finds that these problems remain the chief concern of Soviet society. The tasks he is called on to perform are familiar ones. Soviet leaders have not needed to seek new ideas, even new terms, in their appeals to him.

On the other hand, the factor of continuity in Soviet domestic policy does not exclude recognition by the Soviet Government of the effect of the war on the minds and hearts of its people. The Communist Party keeps its ear close to the ground and is constantly reshaping its tactical approach to the problem of getting maximum cooperation from the masses.

A constant theme in the late President Kalinin's war-time speeches was the importance of Soviet society deriving the maximum benefits from its experiences during the struggle. Recent preoccupation with the task of eliminating the harmful effects of war from society should not cause one to overlook this other side of the question. A striking example of the realistic view that has been taken arises with regard to workers deported by the Germans during occupation. It has been decided that time spent in working under duress will count as qualification for pensions and advancement. Thus the Ukrainian



youth who learned a craft in a German factory has the right to a job in post-war U.S.S.R. equivalent to his skill, and when the time comes for him to draw a pension will be able to include the years spent on forced labour as part of his working life. Other examples of the practical approach to new conditions are provided by the facilities that are being given to enable those who learned foreign languages abroad to continue their studies, and the organizing of meetings at which returning soldiers and deportees report on their experiences with the purpose of recommending the adaptation to Soviet conditions of what they found good abroad. Rural building in the Ukraine, for instance, has benefited from advice sought from soldiers returning from Czechoslovakia.

It has, perhaps, been too readily assumed by some students of the U.S.S.R. that contact with conditions outside the Soviet Union would give rise to discontent. This view has not been substantiated by this writer's extensive conversations with officers and men of the Red Army both before and after their return to the homeland. It overlooks two features of the Soviet mind which came strongly into play during its period of prolonged contact with foreign conditions: the high level of political consciousness of the average service-man and his reading of the

history of his own land. The first dazzling impression of the luxury of Bucharest's centre or of two or three streets in Pest did not divert attention for long from the living condition of the worker and peasant of the Danube valley. The Soviet fighting man, first and foremost, interested himself in the condition of the working-class, and it was deeply revealing to those who had the opportunity to watch his first contacts with foreign peoples to find how insistently his curiosity pursued such subjects as working hours, pensions, trade-union rights and, perhaps more than anything else, the workers' rights to education and culture. One is apt to overlook that to the Soviet working man of today the standard of living to which he is accustomed includes club, sport and cultural facilities which he considers no less important than consumers' goods, housing and transport. A constant feature in impressions of foreign lands related on return to the Soviet Union is the reference to the absence of facilities for cultured recreation in the lives of workers in Eastern and Central Europe. One has noted the general distaste of Russians abroad for entertainment of an escapist character. *Besideiny* (lacking in idea) is the current word of contempt applied to many films and plays seen abroad. The main impression the returning Russian brings of

*Modern techniques are less unfamiliar to the peoples of Soviet Asia than is often assumed in the West. These Khakassian children, learning chemistry, are among 200 maintained by the State at the national secondary school at Abakan; teachers in the region numbered 2086 in 1945 (339 in 1930)*

*Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R.*





*Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R.*

*Culture, with a capital C, is taken seriously by the Soviet working man; and he regards with contempt, as an "opium" provided by scheming capitalists, much of the entertainment on which his Western contemporaries choose to spend their money.* A scene from *Sleeping Beauty* at the Moscow ballet

foreign culture is that as far as it is made available to the working-class it is intended to divert attention from existing evils by providing vapid entertainment. Not religion, but operetta, Hollywood movies, and 'swing' was the "opium of the people" he found in Central Europe.

A comedy by Alexander Korneichuk, successful in the Ukraine, treated with a light-heartedness that did not completely conceal the moral this question of the impact of foreign influences on the minds of those who have been abroad. The protagonists in his play about post-war village life are a girl who returned from Bucharest with some odd ideas about the cultural value of cabarets and a violent distaste for resuming her work on the farm, and an architect who had used his eyes and brought back a number of suggestions for application in the rebuilding of the village. A visit to the Kiev region a few months after the war provided the writer with an opportunity of testing the veracity of Korneichuk's picture. It revealed that the traditional characteristics of village life were

successfully subduing the more extravagant and superficial effects of foreign influence, that the deportee who returned with foreign mannerisms was exposed to the ridicule of public opinion, and that what seemed likely to remain was no more than an enhanced interest in town life, a tendency that will certainly not be considered undesirable in present conditions. On the other hand, there was no doubt that foreign travel was making its constructive contributions to Ukrainian country life. It was easing the task of the State Institute for Rural Construction by breaking down prejudice against its plans for cottages in which certain traditional features, such as the single large living-room, were being abandoned for internal partitions providing for more privacy. The neat, prosperous villages of Bohemia had provided the armies of Konev and Yeremenko with an example that the construction squads on Ukrainian collective farms are now following.

The returning soldier has much to say about foreign trading practices, for the private shop was something quite new to most who



by courtesy of "Ogonyok"

*Few details have been disclosed by the Soviet Government about the movement of heavy industry from the West and South to Siberia during the war. The permanence of this development is, however, indicated by the solid character of the new workers' houses here seen at Stalinsk in the Kuznetsk Basin*

went abroad almost twenty years after the end of NEP. While there is admiration for the quality and variety of goods found, it needs to be remembered that when the Red Army came into Eastern Europe merchandise on sale was reduced to high-priced luxury goods and that the working-class districts of the cities were suffering severely from the results of prolonged war shortages. The Russians' main impression of the private shopkeepers of Europe was that they were a harassed, overworked and unhappy section of society, driven into malpractices through the stringencies of the times. The lack of security in their lives, as in those of the workers and peasants, is a subject of frequent comment. Commercial competition was associated, in the Red Army man's mind, with long hours of work, insecurity and endless worries.

The Russians are unstinting in their praise of the many real achievements of European civilization they have found on their path westward, such as the German *autobahns*, the high level of Czech agriculture, the working-class buildings of Vienna and Prague, the textile factories of Lodz or the Silesian coal-basin. But it does not follow from this that the seeds of discontent were sown in their minds. The average Soviet citizen who went beyond his frontiers is well schooled in his country's history, and is aware how short was the period devoted to construction, some thirteen of the twenty years that the Soviet Union was at peace. It would have been surprising if those young men who were brought up during the days of the first three Five-Year plans had overlooked this essential characteristic of the U.S.S.R., the youth of

its industry, cities and social services, compared with the German working-class movement's eighty years of organization, the immense capital investments by Austria-Hungary and a thriving Czechoslovakia in the factories of Bohemia, and a Germany which, unlike post-revolutionary Russia, was able to rebuild its economy with the help of foreign capital. Nor is the thought long absent from Russian minds that the successes of the Red Army were due largely to the diversion of effort that might have been expended elsewhere, to the requirements of defence.

The Soviet fighting-man went beyond his frontiers with that thirst for new impressions that has always marked the Russian, coupled with devotion for his own land and a tenacious belief in his way of life. His leaders had told him that the Soviet Union lagged behind the capitalist powers economically. Abroad, he found those consumers' goods which he had been told could only become abundant in the U.S.S.R. when the principal capitalist powers had been outstripped economically. Contrary to the opinion generally held abroad, no attempt had been made to conceal from the Soviet people that their country was far from being advanced in respect of consumers' goods, housing conditions, transport, etc. They had been told that, given time, hard work would provide them with a comfort and prosperity more secure and more fairly distributed than anything that capitalist society could provide. The ruin and misery that was found in Eastern and Central Europe provided them with an object-lesson of the consequences of political error. The Soviet Union's victory was to them the proof of the correctness of a



Pictorial P

(Above) The German occupation of the Crimean health resorts stimulated the use of mountain sanatoria in the Kirghiz S.S.R. Wounded Red Army men were often sent there and the facilities will remain. (Below) One of the fifty bread shops supplied by an automatic bakery in Moscow named after Mikoyan (Commissar of Food Industry 1934-5). The minimum daily bread ration (there are three classes) in urban areas is about 13 ounces

Pictorial P





*Illustration by G. R. D. for the Daily Mirror*

*In the Shoria Highlands, which supply iron ore and manganese to the steel works of the neighbouring Kuznetsk coal basin. The war brought rapid development to this Siberian frontier region, when the Donets Basin was overrun, and exploitation is being speeded under the present Five-Year Plan*

policy which, if it had not provided much material comfort, guaranteed that the country would be able to defend itself and maintain its course towards an era when that comfort would be attained. With that assurance, with the growing realization that they were a great people capable of anything, the Red Army was able to resist drawing invidious comparisons between the standards of living found abroad and that of the Soviet Union.

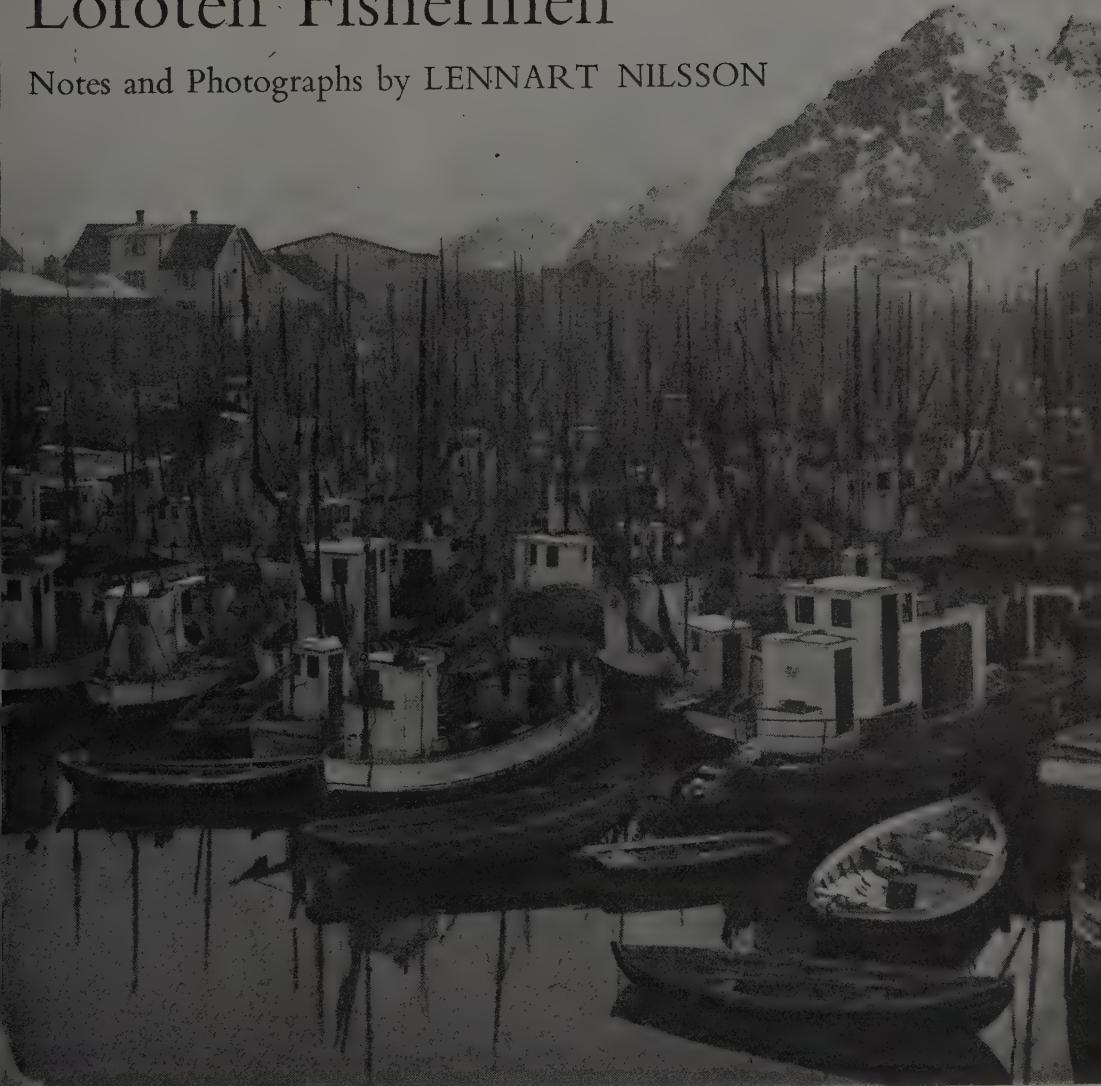
Thus it is with an attitude of loyalty to the cardinal principles of the Soviet régime that the fighting-man enters civilian life. Almost alone in Europe and Asia, the Soviet people do not desire to see radical changes introduced in their way of living. At the same time, they are more aware of shortcomings in everyday life, and have acquired a taste for action that does not easily tolerate bureaucracy and administrative failures. They are behind their Government when it flays self-seeking complacency among officials, and are sharply irritated by anything that seems to be delaying the reconstruction of the country. The interests of the younger generation appear to lie in town life, with its broader

opportunities for advancement and for cultured living. Older men leaving the army express a preference to go to the country, and many ex-officers have readily taken to work in rural administration.

Of one thing the ex-soldier may be certain: his life will not be a dull one unless he chooses to make it so. The ladder of advancement is broad and easy. The *tempo* of internal development that characterized the 'thirties has not yet, perhaps, been attained. The first year of planned reconstruction has seen more reconversion and reorganization than actual progress. Only towards the beginning of this winter did industry as a whole seem to be getting into its stride. The development of new areas, however, offering work of a pioneer character, is growing apace. If among the demobilized there are men who thirst for adventure, for the exotic, there is no lack of opportunity for them to satisfy it within the country's borders. The exciting knowledge of great wealth awaiting capture from nature sustains the Soviet people in its quest for a better life, heightening its desire for a dynamic peace.

# Lofoten Fishermen

Notes and Photographs by LENNART NILSSON

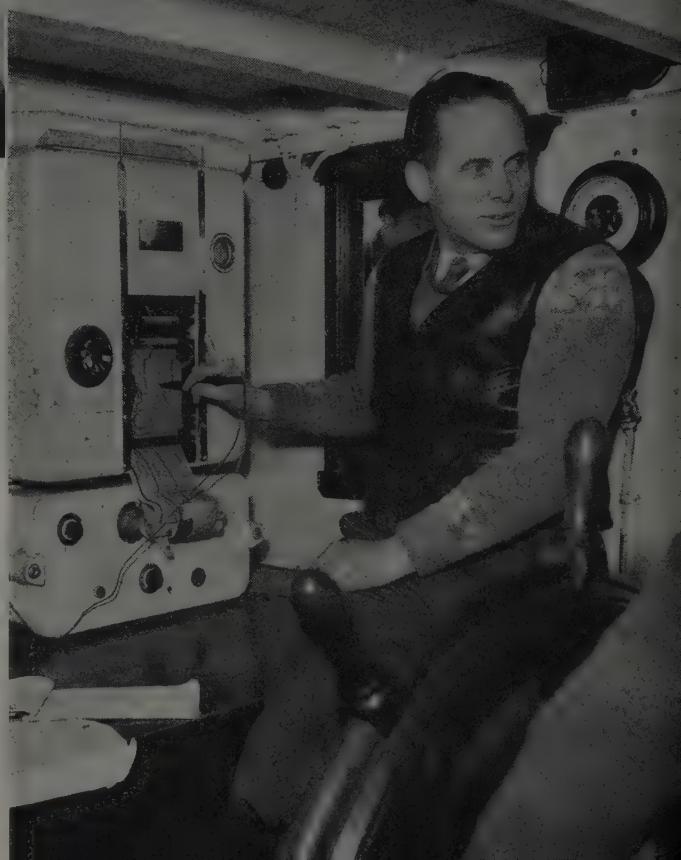


*All photographs from Keystone*

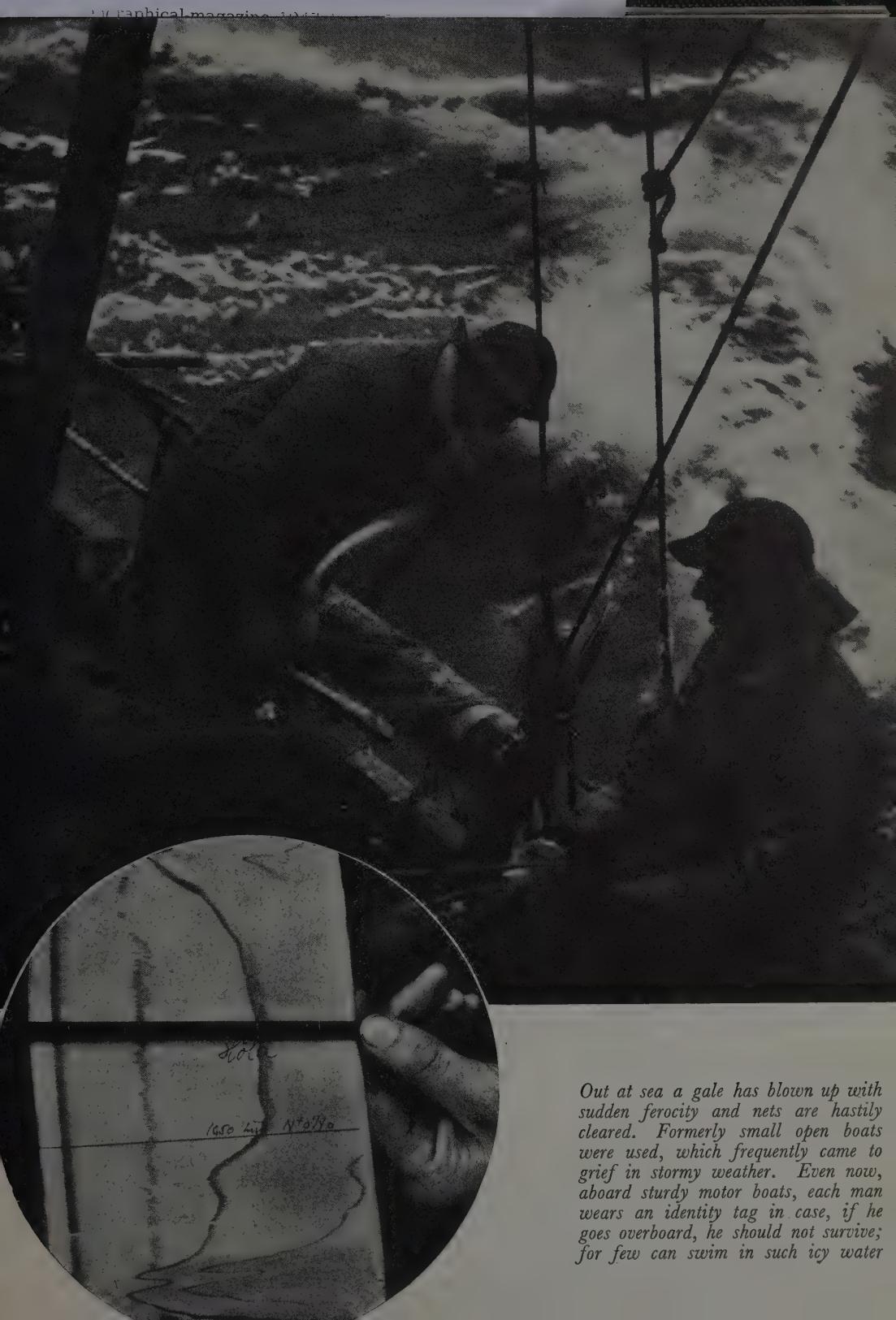
Since the days of the Vikings the Lofotens have been inhabited by scattered communities, whose sole livelihood depends on the sea. This majestic group of granitic islands, lying within the Arctic Circle off the coast of Norway, provides little soil for cultivation. In any case the true Lofotener is a fisherman and refuses to plough. Rarely does he cross over to the mainland; often he has never visited the nearest island. All the year round he lays nets and puts out lines. But what has made the Lofotens each spring the centre of the world's largest fishing fleet is the cod-fishing season from February to April. This is due to the southward migration of shoal upon shoal of cod from the north Atlantic to their annual spawning ground off the islands. Last year, 21,000 fishermen arrived from all parts of Norway to join the fleet. The harbours are tightly packed with all types of boats; the men have to live in temporary shelters. Here, in the calm bay by Honningsvaer, a hamlet on the southern tip of the largest island, a fleet assembles



Everything is well organized on the Lofoten fishing expeditions. A committee, elected by the men, allocates the fishing areas beforehand, and the crew of each boat choose their own captain. The larger boats often stay out for days on end, but there is no fishing on Sundays. Neither is alcohol allowed at regulated fishing stations, recalling the warning in old Viking laws against alcohol at sea



Jens Eggin, skipper, studies the recorder strip of the echo-sounding equipment, an invention of immense value which indicates where the fish are running in shoals. In a close-up of the strip (opposite) the wavy contour shows the shape of the sea bed and the steady stream on the left, the fish. They swim in such incredibly compact shoals that often, if a sounding-lead is dropped in the sea, it lands on a mass of cod



Out at sea a gale has blown up with sudden ferocity and nets are hastily cleared. Formerly small open boats were used, which frequently came to grief in stormy weather. Even now, aboard sturdy motor boats, each man wears an identity tag in case, if he goes overboard, he should not survive; for few can swim in such icy water



But in fair weather an unbelievable amount of fish can be caught. Nets or lines are used, the latter sometimes being up to a mile long with over a thousand hooks attached. This small craft, weighed down by three tons of cod, had the season's record catch for its tonnage. No man can start fishing until an official is notified so that a record is obtained of his actual work

Thus competition is high, and the men work non-stop. Their earnings also depend on their industry. In last year's short two-month season 128,000 tons of cod were taken, resulting in an average payment of £100 to each fisherman. Shipmaster Jensen of the Vilhelmine, his fur cap soaked in brine, has not had time to wash for days. Such refinement can wait until the season is ended



Back in Honningsvaer, the fish come to their sorry sequel. Tipped onto the fløyning dock, they are gutted and cleaned. The flesh is dried and salted, or split and hung up to dry, most being exported. A savoury pink caviare is made from the roe; the heads are used for artificial manure. Lastly, an oil of high vitamin content is extracted from the liver; as much as a thousand years ago London was importing cod-liver oil from Norway.

# ‘Baker’s’ Cruise

by JOHN R. SIMMONS

*This is the story of a voyage round the southern edge of the main World-Island, to the point half-way between Britain and America where representatives of one of the two present wielders of maritime power handed over a squadron of vessels to representatives of the other—an act symbolic of their joint responsibility for maintaining freedom, peace and order throughout the maritime world*

A STRONG September drizzle and a thick mist shrouded Plymouth Hoe as our squadron wound slowly out of the Sound. From the low bridge of L.C.I.(L) 300 (Landing Craft Infantry [large]) I could just define the lines of the leading craft, the headquarters ship, while on the Hoe I could see the few spots of white brilliance which were the waving handkerchiefs of the relatives and friends of some of the officers and men of ‘B’ (for ‘Baker’) Squadron. Once clear of the harbour, the squadron took up formation in six columns of six, in station astern of the L.C.Q. (Landing Craft [Headquarters]), and while this manœuvre was being completed, the H.Q. ship held an exchange of signals with a passing Plymouth-bound destroyer. After the usual identifications, the destroyer asked:

“Where are you going?”

The signalman on the L.C.Q. spelled out: “To the Far East.”

The homeward bound destroyer promptly queried:

“Don’t you know the war is over?”

The Squadron Commander’s reply was immediate:

“So we have heard—but we don’t like the weather in U.K.!”

If a search for warmer weather had been our only mission, our journey would have ended when we entered the Bay of Biscay late the following afternoon, for by then it was warm enough to discard the Home waters blues for the semi-tropical khaki rig of the Mediterranean area.

Most of the craft in the squadron were at least three years old, and, by the time we had rounded Cape St Vincent, almost all had had their spell of trouble. The most common defect was with the electrical steering. An L.C.I. is steered, not by the conventional wheel, but by a handle—rather like the control of a city tram-car, and a fault in the electrical gear was an everyday occurrence. A craft would suddenly veer out of line, to port or starboard, and while the officer of the watch gave urgent orders to avert collision with craft of the other columns, two black balls and the international signal for “Disregard my motions” would appear at

the masthead! Usually the craft most threatened by the unrehearsed manœuvre of the disabled ship would make an appropriate signal by light—often a Biblical quotation, but, more popularly, “Wot—No BRAKES?”

The brilliant lights of Tangier greeted me when I came on watch on Thursday morning—after five days’ steaming—and, with the dawn, we sighted Europa Point and the towering shadow which was the Rock.

“She looks like a cat—ready to pounce,” I said to the look-out on watch with me.

“A lion, I think, sir!” he replied.

Although Malta was our first scheduled stop, a few craft were ordered into Gibraltar for engine repairs, with instructions to join up with the remainder of the squadron at Malta. To those who were able to go ashore, the city of the Rock gave gaudy entertainment, bad beer and a general impression of the slow-moving life of the people. Those who made the tourist climb to the summit of the Rock found nothing new, unless it was the latest addition to the ape colony; but for those who stayed on sea-level to browse around the shops in Gibraltar’s narrow streets there was a revealing preview of Britain’s post-war export drive. British-made cigarette lighters, fountain pens, shoes, handbags and jewellery were competing well with American and Swiss goods.

The main body of the squadron, hugging the Algerian coast, had run into heavy weather. On Sunday evening, within a day’s steaming of Malta, it was decided that the craft should seek shelter in Bizerte Roads for the night. We cautiously threaded our way into the narrow approaches while the L.C.Q. signalled the shore station for anchoring instructions. We were rather shaken by the terse reply:

“What Nationality?”

It was 0900 G.M.T., or 11 A.M. Malta time, and just after sunrise on Tuesday that we caught our first glimpse of the long low smudge of Malta. The craft of the squadron formed into single line as we rounded Gozo and approached Grand Harbour. They moved in to their allotted berths in Sliema and Misida creeks, past the wreckage of tugs



All Kodachromes by the Author

*An unusual view of Gibraltar, from halfway up the Rock, gives an impression of its colour, crowded houses and narrow streets. Spanish Algeciras can be seen across the harbour in the background.*

and small ships, the deep caves once used as air-raid shelters and the little pile of debris that had been a fisherman's home.

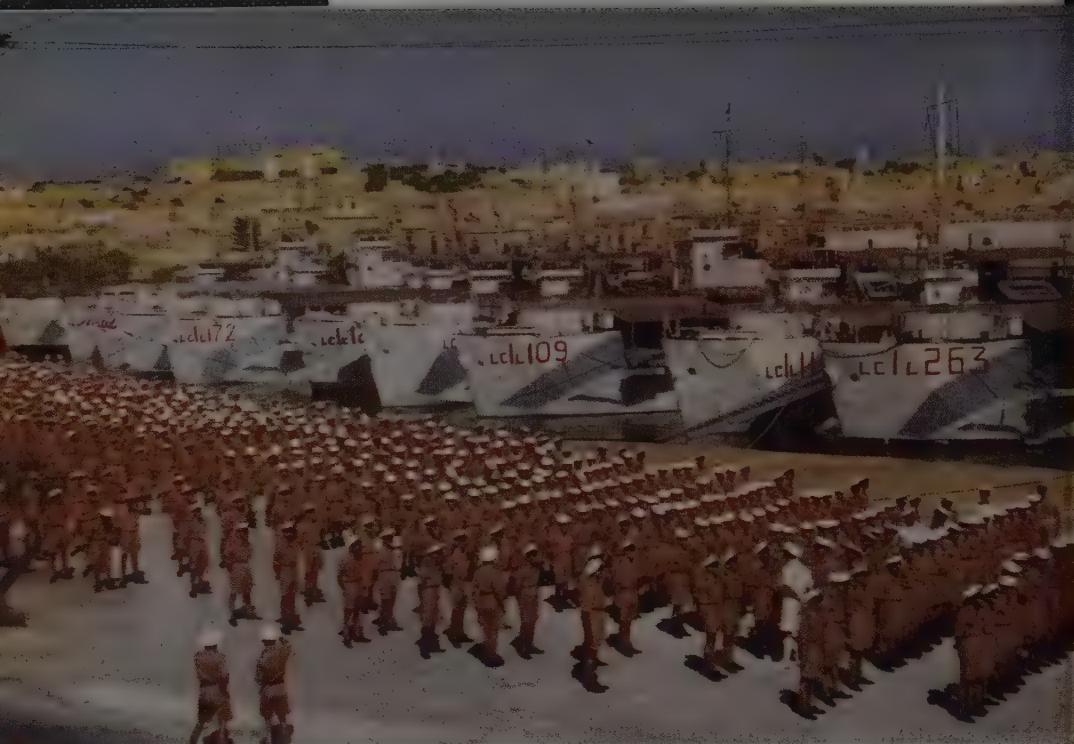
The programme for our fortnight in Malta was simple. All craft were to be checked over for possible defects, and the squadron was to be inspected by the Vice-Admiral, Malta, Sir Frederick G. Dalrymple-Hamilton. The introduction of a tropical working routine—from 6 A.M. to 1 P.M.—allowed those off-duty plenty of time for recreation and sightseeing. Swimming was immediately popular, and the rocky beach at Tigne Bay was the favourite spot. Here, steps to the water's edge and pools for the beginners had been hewn out of solid rock. Diving-boards and changing-rooms had been constructed, but the general appearance of the beach had been left to nature's own tidy hand.

The nerve-shattering experience of a journey in one of Malta's outmoded omnibuses remains my most vivid impression of the George Cross island. With a friend I boarded one of these museum pieces between stages. (The usual practice is to buy a ticket at one of the fare-stage kiosks.) Before I could offer the driver our fares, he started the bus with a lurch and roared into the mouth of a bomb-damaged street. When he had settled the rocking vehicle on something

like a steady course, he turned to us, utterly disregarding the wheel, and took my proffered £1 note. With scarcely a glance at the road, he began to rummage in a box at his feet for change. In the heavy traffic it seemed that sheer will-power held the bus on its course. The driver handed me my change, but I found he had omitted the ten-shilling note. I cautiously pointed this out, and the driver threw up his hands in despair, again leaving the steering to Providence. He thrust back my original note, and we travelled as free—but frightened—passengers!

We said our "Goodbyes" to the friends we had made during our short stay, and set course for Port Said. The Deck Log of the Officer of the Watch began to resemble one of those "Battle by Battle" calendars popular with some newspapers during the last phase of the Middle Eastern campaign. Derna, Tobruk, Bardia, Sollum and Mersa Matruh—every place-name conjured up some story of bitter fighting against Rommel's Afrika Korps. We passed close to Tobruk and could see evidence of the damage caused by the constant struggle for possession of the vital city.

Much of our three-day stay at Port Said was spent in resisting the advances of the inevitable hawkers, although three of us considered we had achieved the impossible when we 'sold' a small box of Turkish delight,



*The hard sand at Ta Xbiex formed a natural parade ground for the inspection of 'Baker' squadron by Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Dalrymple-Hamilton (white uniform, right foreground). A Royal Marines band from H.M.S. Norfolk played throughout this, Malta's first big post-war Naval parade*

already purchased from one hawker for a few piastres, to another native in exchange for three leather fly-swatters!

On the point of a peninsula, in the middle of the Bitter Lakes, was Kabret Point—the "Half-way House" for all craft of Combined Operations on passage to the Far East. Here we were scheduled to refit and to refuel for the journey to India. While at Kabret, some officers and men were lucky enough to be chosen by lot for 48 hours' leave in Cairo, while others took advantage of the facilities for swimming and cricket offered by the base.

After a fortnight, we left the oasis of Kabret and continued down the canal to Suez and Port Thewfik. Anchored in Suez Bay, we took on water for the next stage of our journey, and grasped a limited opportunity for shore leave. It seemed that the total contribution to progress that Suez could offer was the unique cinema in which one could lean against the bar at the rear of the auditorium and sip an iced drink and enjoy the screen entertainment simultaneously.

Out in the Gulf of Suez, the ordered lines of the convoy were temporarily disorganized when three native feluccas sailed nonchalantly

through and across the column, holding tenaciously to their set course for the Arabian coast.

Passing into the Red Sea, the rise in temperature was immediately noticeable, and we went to great lengths to keep cool. More than one craft experienced trouble with her refrigerating equipment and, nearing Aden, the Squadron Commander decided that these craft should steam ahead to pick up fresh meat and vegetables in Aden.

In this outpost of Empire we found much that compared with Gibraltar. The towering rocks which guard the entrance seemed as forbidding as the Rock itself; stunted and uninteresting vegetation struggled to live on the volcanic foundations; the people seemed to lead the same slow, indifferent life, and the British colony appeared to be living for the next British ship to call into the port. In a brief tour of the island, we gained a sense of Aden's background of historical legend. We marvelled at the crude beauty of the terraced tanks and baths of Sheba's queen. In the huge boat-building yard below the Jewish cemetery, we watched sturdy dhows being built by men whose craft is said to have



From Aden's sprawling boat-building yard, sturdy wooden Arab dhows (of which—legend has it—Noah's Ark was the prototype) are sailed without compass the 2000 miles across the Indian Ocean to Cochin (below) where hay loads are ferried over the wide waterways on pairs of shallow canoes





*More than a third of Cochin State consists of rivers and backwaters. Passengers and cargo are transported by these and by canals, often cut through towns and villages, which connect the waterways*

altered little since Noah's ark was constructed in that very yard.

The main convoy had reduced speed to four knots, and we rapidly overtook the other craft. The squadron re-formed and set the final course to Cochin. By now, eight weeks after leaving U.K., we were finding little enough to occupy our off-duty hours, and an idea conceived by the Commanding Officer of one craft did much to help relieve the monotony. L.C.I. (L) 176 carried an exceptional collection of talent, and she broadcast short variety concerts over the short-wave R/T, which we relayed to the ship's company over the loud-hailer system.

An indefinable blur of foliage green was our

first glimpse of the Malabar coast of India. Later, the long belt of palm trees seemed to part abruptly to reveal the narrow entrance to Cochin harbour. Cochin, one-time halt on the Rangoon-Marseilles shipping route, has been called the "Queen of the Arabian Sea"—and our first impression was certainly one of regal decorum. The stripped masts of the anchored fishing fleet reached for the sky like trees in autumn. The gleaming white Government buildings and the Malabar Hotel lay simmering in the midday glare and the impressive British Residency on Bolghatty island added a final touch of dignity.

This, we found, was to be the final destination of the squadron—as such. From Cochin,

one of the three flotillas which comprised the squadron would be required to assist in the evacuation of civilians from the civil war areas of Java. Three ships of another flotilla were to go to Hong Kong for duties in China and Japan. But other changes were due to take place before the craft dispersed to their separate zones of activity. Demobilization of Combined Operations personnel had been speeded up, and some officers and men were sent home for release soon after our arrival in Cochin. Within a fortnight a number of craft were reduced to half complement, and crews had to be reshuffled. My old C.O. was given passage home for release, and I found myself First Lieutenant of another craft.

Quickly we discovered how false were our first impressions of the "Queen of the Arabian Sea". Behind her "throne" lay the squalor of Ernakulam's sprawling bazaars and the unspeakable smell of the village "retting pools", where the husks of the King coconut were piled to ferment before picking for coir rope-making. Behind the gleaming white Syrian churches lay the piles of bones of once-buried Syrian Christians, exhumed after six months so that more dead could be

interred in a small patch of precious land. But we found a crude beauty in the century-old Chinese fishing machines dotted along the hard white sand of the coast. Sleepy Valyan fishermen operate the nets slung from clumsy derricks. The river-banks were lined with the rich colour of the green paddy-fields, almond blossom and yellow jackfruit trees.

Craft which had been assigned to other areas left Cochin before Christmas. Those of us who remained heated our tins of turkey and duff, drank an extra can of beer, and thought how little like Christmas it all was. New Year celebrations were much more true to type. In H.M.S. *Chinkara*, the base, it was the custom to celebrate New Year twice—once at "sixteen bells" (midnight), Indian standard time, and again at 5.30 A.M., when families at home would be celebrating. Twice the night was shattered by the noise of ships' sirens and exploding rockets, and twice the harbour was aglow with searchlights and flares. The river-banks were crowded with bewildered natives, and the bum-boat coolies refused to take passengers across the "burning water".

Soon after New Year a small group of



*Near Cochin. The chanting coolies swing long wooden shovels, suspended pendulum fashion from tripod stays, to transfer water from the lake at left to the paddy-fields, needing constant irrigation*

American technicians came by air, to carry out an inspection of the remaining craft of "B" squadron, and of a number of L.C.Q.s which had arrived in Cochin after operations in Burma. The Americans came to decide whether these craft, no longer required for service in S.E.A.C., should be sailed to the Philippine Islands and handed back to the U.S. Navy, or whether they should be sold to the growing Navies of India and Burma. Their decision that, with three exceptions, the craft should be sailed to the Philippines was the signal for a buzz of activity and preparation. The craft were lumped together under the code name of 'Manila Flight' (although our final destination was Subic Bay, some thirty miles north of the capital).

It was late February, and nearing the monsoon season, when 'Manila Flight', offspring of 'Baker' squadron, left Cochin

for Singapore, our final port of call before Manila. Before nightfall we were clear of the southern tip of Ceylon, and once again on an easterly course. But we were averaging a much slower speed than on the previous legs of our journey, owing to the condition of the Burma craft. This seemed to increase the monotony of the long watches, especially at night. During the day we amused ourselves with the antics of the leaping barracuda, the graceful flying-fish and porpoise and the huge sperm whales. Those of the crew whose release dates were at hand gazed enviously at the many troopships passing *en route* for U.K.

We ploughed through the early monsoon rains and, nearing Sumatra, we had to make a large alteration of course to avoid a number of huge waterspouts which formed to the north as we watched. By radio we were warned of other dangers—typhoons moving south and floating mines and torpedoes in



*At Singapore occupation troops found Japanese prisoners of war were willing workers, anxious to please. A party of prisoners unloading crates under the sole supervision of a British crane driver*



*In Loyang Bay—close by notorious Changi jail—final repairs are made before the departure for the Philippines. A diver is helped over the side to inspect an underwater defect on L.C.I. (L) 14*

the Straits of Malacca—but we steamed down the Straits without incident.

Cautiously, and in single line, we threaded our way through the minefields which still guarded the approaches to Singapore, a run whose beauty has been compared with entering Rio de Janeiro and Sydney. Here and there a small lighthouse or a simple stone obelisk splashed white on the many green islands. But this impression of Singapore's pre-war beauty rapidly faded as we entered the harbour. We arrived some months after her liberation by the Allies, but she was only just beginning to find her feet again after the Japanese occupation. The shops displayed all kinds of luxury goods—watches, cameras, silk and stylish shoes—but the other side of the picture was shown by mob raids on lorries laden with bread and rice. The standard of living could best be understood in terms of the exchange rates of the Malayan

dollar. The official rate was the pre-war one of 2s. 4d. to the dollar, but the actual purchasing power of the dollar was something less than 1s. Entertainment was expensive. If one strayed from the Service clubs to explore the various "Worlds" (fair-grounds which comprised Chinese theatres, cinemas, shops and dance-halls), one paid dearly for one's curiosity. In the dance-halls, the Service man had to pay \$2 admission and purchase a \$1 book of tickets before he could claim a dance with one of the Chinese hostesses.

To carry out final repairs, and to complete de-storing, we moved to Loyang Bay—twelve miles east of Singapore harbour. Each craft was painted the standard dark grey of Reserve Fleet ships, and final arrangements were made for the homeward transport of the crews from Subic Bay.

Before sailing for the Philippines, 'Manila



*Homeward bound! . . . On the boat-deck of troopship Hartland Point, ex-'Eaker' squadron officers prepare costumes for the ship's concert. Old flags and bunting provide frills for a mock ballet troupe*

Route followed by  
'B' (for 'Baker')  
Squadron .....



'Flight' was joined by craft of the flotilla which had left Cochin for Java, and when we formed up outside the harbour, with long de-commissioning pennants flying from our mastheads, only a few craft were missing from the original 'Baker' formation.

We were very busy on this, the last leg of our journey, across more than a thousand miles of South China Sea; decks, hatches and upper decks had to be painted and, as our tropical cruise was drawing to a close, kitbags, hammocks and suitcases were packed and labelled "On passage to U.K."

Away to starboard, as we approached the Luzon coast, Corregidor—island of bloody fame—was just visible through the morning mist. The entrance to Subic Bay might well have revealed a Scottish loch. On either side, mountain slopes were covered with green trees, not languid palms, but friendly oaks and firs, and bracken-like shrubs lined the rocky coves.

We followed the leading craft in a broad arc and anchored off the U.S. Naval operating base of Olongapo, far down the bay. We remained at this temporary anchorage until each craft had been allocated a buoy, and then, neatly moored in 'trots' (groups), we rang down "Finished with engines" for the last time. American officers joined in our

final 'paying-off' parties and, the following afternoon, they looked on as our White Ensigns and de-commissioning pennants were slowly hauled down to the solemn bugle notes of the Last Post. We loaded our kit into the boats from the troopship and I took a last look around my craft, glancing aft, where a seaman's sock hung from the guard-rail—forward and upward to the bridge, where the flag 'B', for 'Baker', flapped from a pigeon-hole in the locker—into the wheelhouse, at the 'tram-handle', the swinging compass card and the silent voice-pipe. I locked the wardroom door and joined the others in the boat . . .

\* \* \* \*

Two months later the troopship *Hartland Point* was nearing the end of her homeward voyage. As a gesture of thanks to her crew, the officer-passengers, consisting mainly of 'Baker' Squadron personnel, produced a concert in one of the mess decks. Our talent ranged from rich tenor voices to mock ballet—complete with prima donna—and when we put the show on, three days out from Gibraltar, it was given a grand reception by the crew. Next morning we knew we were home; there, ahead, was Plymouth, looking just as we had left it a year before—even to the heavy drizzle and the curtain of mist over the Hoe!

# The Ebagoola Papers

by A. J. MARSHALL

I FIRST heard about Ebagoola from Micky Flannigan, an ancient prospector who has been on the Peninsula for ages. Micky has a humped back, but it doesn't hamper him in his scrabbling for gold and tin in the creek beds. He lives in a rough shelter that he built himself on the creek banks beneath the massive droopy-leaved paper-barks. The creek was dry when I came by but there was cool water under the sands. In the sand of the creek bed Micky had sunk a well with kerosene-tin sides to stop the sand from falling in. When the summer floods swept over the North this creek and a million others would run a banker. His well would be ruined, Micky said. But it didn't matter because he wouldn't need a well then. In Micky's shanty were two rusty guns. One was a .32 Winchester bound up with copper wire. The other was a rusty double-barrelled shotgun that Micky said worked all right.

I was the O.C. a Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol during the early dark days of the Japanese scare when I met Micky. He told me about the country ahead, with a great deal of spitting and swearing. He was a great hand at drawing in the sand with a stick. Micky had much information that was useful to me, but in order to get it you had to question him as carefully as you would a black-fellow. This doesn't mean that Micky was stupid. It was merely that he and the other Peninsula folk have a different scale of time from us. For instance, a load of machinery taken along our route "not long ago" really went (I learnt after questioning) eighteen years before, when the road was last trafficable to the teamsters. An event which occurred in 1908 was "a fair while ago". Here men's memories are long and accurate: they have nothing much else to think about apart from their neighbours and their personal experiences among the hills. Micky's sole hell was the toothache. A couple of his teeth were "not too good". "You haven't got a dentist with you, have you?" he asked me, looking at the lounging troops. I hadn't. So Micky said he'd go down to Normanton "some day".

That's how I heard about Ebagoola. The convoy once more took to the bush. The leading drivers picked out an old, old trail along sandy ridges covered with iron-barks and gums with round shiny leaves. About

fifteen miles to the west we could see a mountain range in territory shown blank white on our map. We dragged through a sombre land of ambers and drab olives where termite architecture rose twelve feet between the trees. The drivers often found it hard to get their big blitz-buggies between the trees and the termite-hills.

Three days later we came to Ebagoola. Ebagoola is a ghost town, one of many scattered through the stark north country. Once it was like any other Peninsula settlement but the mineral had cut out and the people had walked away from their homes and possessions. On a corner of the two principal streets you can see the remains of the inevitable wide-verandah'd pub. In the wide main street is the butcher's shop and, next door, the general store. There are the ruins of a dance hall, more shops and houses. Then we met Old Tim Pike and we talked to him and then had lunch in Ebagoola.

Tim is the only inhabitant and he lives in a little tin and bark shanty at the bottom of the street near the creek. He has lived there alone ever since the place finally folded up. He talked volubly and Corporal Otto showed him some splicing and plaiting tricks with rawhide. I heard how a namesake of mine, a prospector, disappeared in the ranges for ever with only his horse returning "a good while ago". Old Tim said he had a photograph of John, the prospector's son, in his humpy. Visions of tracing my eccentric bachelor Uncle Sam, who disappeared into the North and had come back just once in sixty-three years, came to mind. The story of the son John and the possibility of an unacknowledged wife and family was intriguing. I went with Tim to his rubbish-packed house. He rummaged in the dark interior and produced a stiff-backed photograph of a strong black-bearded gentleman dressed in a style of long ago.

"The father who perished?" I asked. "No, the son, and a fine lad he was too. Broke his neck when his horse stumbled and threw him," Old Tim said. "Well," I said, puzzled, "how long ago did the *father* die?" "In the Palmer Rush days," Tim said, "—in 1874."

Tim is seventy-four and he walks with a slight limp. He praised me as superior to the

usual "cut of the younger generation" because I ran after his hat when it blew off his old white head. Nailed to his belt he wears a curious block of wood. "An invention of my own," he told me. It is part of a truss for his hernia. Inside this, for added leverage, he has an empty metal match-box. On the rump side, beneath his belt, he has another slab of tin to give further pressure. He hobbles along philosophically, his battered boots tied, and re-tied, with green-hide till they look like dilapidated sandals. He says his hernia used to "slip out", causing him sciatica, until he perfected his invention.

I presented Old Tim with a few tins of bully beef and a pound of tea which he acknowledged with a gleeful cackle. Although tea was rationed and hard to get, he seemed to value the cans more than the contents—"to remember you by", he said. He said he was a great one for keeping things to remember people by. It was then that I understood his crazy hut full of bits of strap-leather, bundles of feathers, literally hundreds of empty tins and bottles, screws, rusty stirrup-irons and things. Each of the scraps had its association for Old Tim—of some person or place or experience which he could recall whenever he looked at them. In old Ebagoola Tim was alone day after day, month after month, with only the weekly mailman to speak to. Those bits of paper and rusty fragments of iron were his friends.

Then we walked through the old town—through the partly demolished dance hall where there are dozens of pairs of rusted roller skates and an old piano that is falling to pieces and the termites bite tunnels in its vitals. On the walls are framed prints conventional of the 'eighties. Termites were in these too. Then a full-size billiard table with its green felt ripped and faded and its legs eroded by insects. There are battered metal lamps, rust-spoiled rifles and verdigrised unspent cartridges.

In the butcher's shop the twin blocks are still sitting in the place where the town butcher used them. Then I went into the corner pub



—the last standing of the several dozen shanties which sold grog in the boom days of the last century. In the pub and in the other buildings were piles of account books and business correspondence, diaries and bills and letters with old colonial stamps that would make the eyes of a philatelist glisten. The last inhabitants had seemingly left Ebagoola with little more than they could carry. Behind them they left a record of their hopes and struggles, their disappointments and final defeat for anybody who cared to see.

Andy Stevenson who kept the pub is a fair example. His writings date from the early year of this century until near the time when the exodus took place. Andy lived a not very comfortable though not unhappy life with his wife Bessie. He sold grog, and dealt in horses and cattle as a side line. A glance at his books

showed that in a typical year his profits were only £278: a little over five pounds a week for the most important business in the community. He had many bad debts—£100 that year—and he often lost money by extraordinary evil turns of chance. Some years his horses died, or were unsaleable for cash after long overland trips made especially to dispose of them. And there was a disastrous quartz-crushing venture. Bulky books of blank scrip lay loose in the chaos of rubbish.

The papers revealed many other things. In the Depression years Andy had to stave off borrowing relations down South who obviously thought their publican relative on the Peninsula as wealthy as Carnegie. There are letters from Andy's creditor friends who remind him of money he owes them. He tried to pay them back with indifferent success. He was urged by friends to send Bessie away for a rest, for she had a "bad heart", but they couldn't afford to do this or perhaps Bessie didn't want to go.

A faded diary notes the course of one northern summer when the sun burned the tin roofs and parched the hills around the settlement.

"December 27th. Came home [from the coast]. Bessie well.

"December 28th. Bessie took a bad turn about 9 A.M. and bad all day.

"10 P.M. improving. Just started raining."

So the tropical monsoon for that summer began. Soon it would pour incessantly for months, flooding the rivers and sweeping a mighty muddy torrent into the Gulf. Sixty thousand head of cattle were swept to sea in one wet.

Then, on January 8: "Married 45 years today. Married in 1869 on 8th January." Then: "27th March, 77 years of age. Mending gear today."

Much advice came from Andy's sister Maud who lives in a suburb of Brisbane and believes in God. She was constantly urging the old couple to "give themselves to God" and to pay back the £50 she lent them and to "render themselves a living sacrifice acceptable to Him". But she lent Andy another £10.

Two years later came wires and letters of

condolence, for the patient Bessie, after many more "bad turns", had died. Old Andy now suffers with a "bad leg".

"November 5th Mail Day. My foot is improving.

"November 6th Mail Day yesterday. My foot is worse."

A couple more years trail disconsolately past. Then the correspondence and diary ceases abruptly. Andy was dead.

I took some of the papers of Ebagoola away with me to read around remote camp fires as we got further into the wilderness. Soon I was able to clear the name of one of Ebagoola's most respected citizens, the Chinaman Ah Fong, from the aspersions of Sergeant Beach. Merely on the strength of a hasty glance at a few ledger entries the Sergeant alleged that Ah Fong was a notorious drunkard for ever on the "turps".

It was not so. Ah Fong's hotel account for November 1910 for example amounted to only £3 : 6s., a ridiculously small figure when the heat, the wet, the boredom and the customs of the country are considered. I found also (from my researches into the papers from the butcher's and grocer's establishments) that Ah Fong lived almost exclusively on corned beef and flour plus an occasional piece of fresh steak at 6d. per pound. Certainly he was no habitual drunkard as the Sergeant liked to make out; but on the evidence of Old Tim Pike he was syphilitic. He was a fine citizen who "helped to keep the Peninsula together". He died, "troubled with the syphilis", Tim said, not long before they deserted Ebagoola.

A few miles beyond the town we passed the grave-plots where hundreds of the pioneers are buried. Their graves are surrounded by rough wire-netting, rusted through. Some are planted with garden flowers, half smothered by rank grass. One or two have a glass wreath-case. Some are bordered by corals and clam-shells carried one hundred miles over sea and plain and mountain from the Great Barrier Reef which twists down the North-East Australian coast. There are a few women's and babies' graves among them. The whitewashed crosses are knocked down and rotten.

# The Diffusion of Greek Culture

## IX. Byzantine Influences in Russia

by PROFESSOR F. DVORNIK

*Our story of the diffusion of Greek culture nears its end. Who are the heirs of what we must call—for the two cultures were married—the Graeco-Roman tradition? Professor Dvornik shows that one direct recipient of part of the inheritance was the great State that still has its centre in Moscow. In a concluding article Mr Moore will describe the later stages of the process by which the nations of the West received their share of enlightenment from the same ultimate source*

WHEN Kiev was the religious, cultural and political centre of Russia, Greek thought, art and letters sank deep into her soul in this first period of her Christian life. The impact of Byzantine culture on the sensitive Russian mind was so overwhelming that it negatived the Western influences which had striven from the first to invade her from Bohemia, Poland, Hungary and from the north through Novgorod. Though political conditions on her western frontiers prevented Russia of Kiev from playing the part of transmitter of Byzantine civilization to the West, as she seemed to have been predestined to do at the beginning of the 11th century, the cultural dominance of Byzantium remained a permanent feature of her subsequent evolution.

The Church was naturally the main carrier of Greek influence. The Metropolitan of Kiev, who for centuries remained the head of the Russian Church and Russia's cultural leader, was appointed by the Patriarch of Constantinople, confirmed by the Basileus and was usually a Greek. The principle was at times contested by the Grand Princes, but it proved on the whole helpful to the Russian nation at a time when the Kievan State was shared between the princes of the Rurik dynasty. Throughout this process of political fragmentation, it was the Church that stood for the principle of Russian national unity. The Metropolitans being mostly foreigners, faintly interested in local politics, they were rather bent on maintaining peace and unity than on taking sides.

Such a situation was only possible in Russia because the Russians had taken from Byzantium, besides the Christian faith, the Byzantine and Christian version of the Hellenistic notion of the divinized king—the Law Incarnate, the Basileus, successor of Con-

stantine the Great, the only representative of God on earth who wielded supreme power over all Christians. This alone explains the sort of subordination to Constantinople in which Russia was held during the first four centuries of her existence. It was not the dependence of a vassal, as many historians have wrongly assumed it to be. The supreme authority of the Orthodox Basileus was perfectly compatible with the political independence of the Grand Prince of Kiev and other Russian princes. The basic principles of Russian legislation were Byzantine, and this helped both Byzantines and Russians to reconcile the notion of a supreme legislator in Constantinople with an independent growth of Russian law, in which sufficient allowance was made for the gradual absorption of Western principles after the first codification of the *Russkaya Pravda* or Russian law, started by Yaroslav the Wise.

The principle of the one Basileus, representative of God on earth, was so deeply rooted in the minds of the Orthodox faithful that as late as 1393, at the time when Byzantine power was definitely broken, the Patriarch Anthony could on the ground of this principle oppose the attempt by Basil, Grand Prince of Moscow, to claim ecclesiastical independence and to order the Greek Emperor's name to be erased from the liturgy. "It is impossible for Christians"—argued the Patriarch—"to have a Church and no Basileus. The *basileia* and the Church have so much in common that they cannot be separated. . . . His [the Basileus'] laws, edicts and charters are in force all the world over; he alone and no other is everywhere mentioned [in the liturgy] by the Christians." This Byzantine conception became the principle of all Russian religious and political life and the

Hellenistic-Byzantine notion of rulership, as popularized by the Russian clergy under Greek tuition, lies at the very foundation of Russian political thought. We can trace the first stages of its growth in the *Izbornik* of Svyatoslav and in the Russian chronicles.

Despite the growing political disintegration of the Kievan State, its cultural and artistic life went on flourishing throughout the 12th and 13th centuries. Kiev had its second school of arts founded by Byzantine masters who introduced the new architectural style of which the church of Our Lady's Assumption in Kiev was the first typical example. The new style found its way north of Kiev to Chernigov, where it came under Western influence and produced a combination of Romanesque and Byzantine features which finally prevailed in the principality of Vladimir-Suzdal.

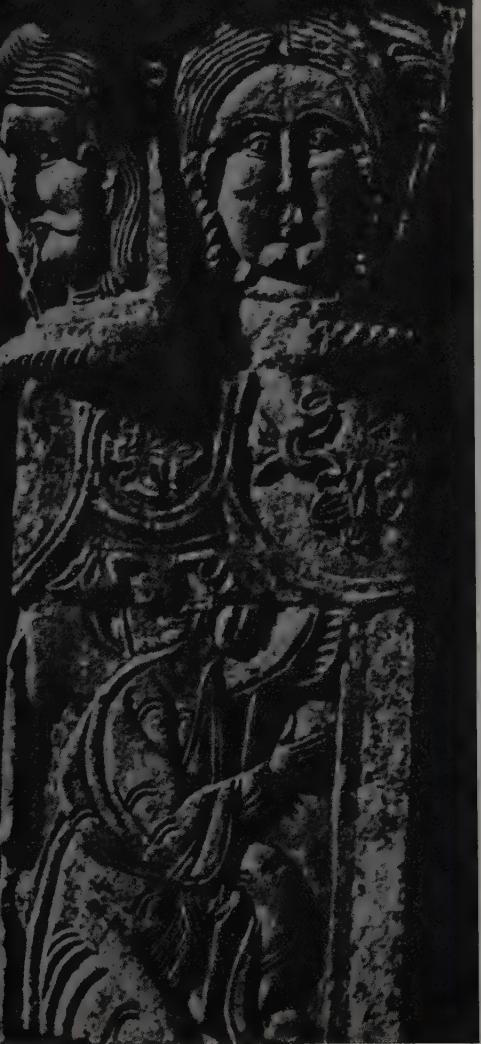
*The church of the Assumption of Our Lady in Kiev, built and decorated in 1075-85 by Byzantine artists who founded the second school of arts in Russia, their work at Kiev being widely imitated*

*from "Geschichte der Russischen Monumentalkunst" (Ainalov)*

Here, the new school flourished (1157-1212) under the Grand Duke Andreas and his brother Vsevolod III, the forefather of the Grand Princes and Tsars of Moscow. The frescoes of the cathedral of Vladimir and those of the beautiful church of St Demetrios were discovered only in recent years.

The territory of Vladimir-Suzdal was the easternmost limit of Russian expansion at the Kievan period and became the meeting-place of Western elements coming from Chernigov and Eastern elements coming from Georgia, Armenia, Asia Minor and Persia. The bas-reliefs in the church of St George in Yuryev Polskoi offer interesting features of the combination of cultures in the Russian East, the Byzantine being predominant. There also are seen the first results of Russian expansion towards the east which later took such amazing





*n "Geschichte der Russischen Monumentalkunst" (Ainalov)*

(Left) One of the reliefs ornamenting the cathedral of St George in Turyev Polskoi in the Upper Volga region. Built in 1230-1234, the church collapsed in 1471 and was restored by Ivan III. The reliefs are from the original structure. Many of them have a definitely oriental character, others betray a strong influence of Western Romanesque art. They are the best illustration of the rôle which the principality of Vladimir-Suzdal played in the 13th century as a meeting-place of Byzantine, oriental and Western influences



(Right) Tympanum on the north side of the cathedral of St Demetrius in Vladimir. The church, built between 1193-7, is the finest specimen of the artistic school of the Vladimir-Suzdal period. It is extremely rich in reliefs and frescoes, some of them of real splendour and great artistic value. The carpet-like decoration of the tympanum contains figures of legendary beasts which were alive in the imagination of mediaeval nations, both eastern and western. The influence of Western Romanesque art is particularly striking at this early period



proportions. New cities, besides Vladimir and Suzdal, rose into being—Tver, Yaroslavl, Moscow, Nizhni Novgorod, Ryazan—whilst a brisk trade with the Bulgars on the Volga and the countries beyond brought in wealth and prosperity. The Volga and the Caspian Sea resumed their activity as trade arteries and links with the civilized Arabian world, and the white stone of the new churches was quarried in the Urals. With the West lying open through the gates of Chernigov, Galich and Novgorod, the East beyond the Volga through Suzdal and Vladimir, Russia seemed destined to carry far and wide into the interior of Asia her hybrid culture enriched by Byzantium and the West.

But the prospect did not materialize: it was wrecked by the Mongol invasion. The

Russian princes went under, Kiev was destroyed and when Galich fell (1282), the nomads' horses were given the free run of the whole country between Lvov and Kiev to graze in peace. The Mongols brought no new culture to their conquered lands, and Russia had not had sufficient time to assimilate Byzantine civilization, adapt it to her own genius and produce her native artists and scholars in adequate numbers to benefit her new masters, the Mongol Khakans. We do hear of some Russian artists made prisoner by the invaders and employed by the Khakans, as also of privileges conferred on artists for their special protection, but this is not enough to justify any conclusions about the spread of Byzantine culture in the Mongol world through Russian channels.

Novgorod was the only principality that survived the onslaught. Its flourishing trade with the West brought it into contact with the German cities of the Hanseatic League. It grew rich and kept sufficient independence to call itself Lord Novgorod the Great. Here Western influences were more tangible than in any other Russian city, without prejudice to its Byzantine character. In arts and architecture Novgorod, with its dependency of Pskov, followed at first the traditions of Kiev, but its new school of architects of the 13th and 14th centuries showed greater originality in their transformation of the cupola model (St Nicholas at Lipna, St Theodore Stratelates, the Holy Saviour in Kovalyovo, the church of Volotovo).

These churches exhibit fresh Byzantine influences which they owed to the Greek artists of the period of the Paleologues, whose contribution enabled Novgorod to take the lead in Russian arts throughout the 14th century; and as Novgorod's artistic tradition was passed on to Moscow in the 15th century, it suffered no interruption. There also the Russian art of icon painting was carried on without a break, acquiring its fame mainly in the 14th century.

Under the Mongols, the Russians, like the Greeks in their struggle with Persia, learned to appreciate absolutism. The principality of Vladimir-Suzdal became for the Russians what the kingdom of Macedonia was once for the Greeks, and the princes of Moscow, who superseded the other princes of the territory, succeeded to the rôle of Philip, the unifier of the Greeks. They found little difficulty in establishing absolute power among the Russians, as Byzantine notions only needed local adaptation. In this the Church gave her assistance and when the Metropolitan of Kiev eventually settled in Moscow (1326), the city rose to power uncontested. Dmitri Donskoy's victories over the Tartars confirmed its supremacy and inaugurated the liberation from the Mongol yoke which the genius of Ivan III, the Great, completed in 1480.

Under Mongol rule, Russia remained closed to every Western influence and Byzantium served as the only source of inspiration; the Emperor still acted as the head of Orthodox Christianity and his decisions were law in Russia, even though contact with the tottering Empire and its influence steadily declined. The Russians clung to their Byzantine traditions with such tenacity and sincerity that when the Byzantines agreed for a time to unite with the West after the Council of Florence (1439), the Grand Prince Basil II and the Russian clergy denounced Byzantium's be-

trayal of orthodoxy and declared Russia to be the only country where genuine orthodoxy was maintained. In Russian estimation the fall of Constantinople to the Turks in 1453 was God's punishment. Ivan III was the legitimate successor of the Greek Basileus and Moscow was henceforth the Third Rome. Ivan's marriage with Sophia, the last Byzantine princess, and the adoption of the Byzantine Emperors' coat-of-arms, the double-headed eagle, symbolized the transformation. There followed an intensive study of Byzantine political literature under the inspiration of the clergy, in search of Russian formulations. We find in the numerous writings of the period, especially those of Abbot Joseph Sanin and his disciple, the metropolitan Daniel, many ideas on rulership extracted from the Greek philosophers and later adapted by Hellenistic political thinkers, though the Russian writers probably never knew them in their original form and borrowed them from Byzantine writers.

In 1547 Ivan IV, the Terrible, lent to this general feeling a concrete and final expression by accepting the imperial crown and officially assuming the title of Tsar. The court of



From "Geschichte der Russischen Monumentalkunst" (Ainalov)

*The double-headed eagle, coat-of-arms of the Byzantine Emperors, in the Terem Palace in the Kremlin. Its adoption by the Tsars symbolized the transfer of power from Byzantium to Moscow*



*"Russian Wooden Architecture"*

*Russian wooden architecture evolved in the northern forests from Byzantine models into most fantastic shapes. The church of Kizhi (1714) represents the last phase of this evolution*

Moscow was organized on the Byzantine model and the Tsar defined his own powers in words which could have been used by the Byzantine Basileus: "The autocratic régime comes from God and the Tsar carries out God's wishes. He wields every power over all things and it is his duty to provide for the salvation of his people which God has entrusted to his care." Moscow took its succession to Byzantium seriously and the first synod of the Russian Church in 1551 was held after the model of the great ecclesiastical gatherings as they were once held in Constantinople under the chairmanship of the Basileus. The erection of the Moscow patriarchate in 1589 finally sealed the transition.

Moscow's assumption of power was followed by a revival of Russian culture. Drawing on

the Byzantine traditions of the Kievan period and using as models the monuments that had survived the Mongol onslaught, artists and architects vied with each other in beautifying the growing cities. Under the Mongols, they made good progress in the national craft of wood-carving, improving on their Byzantine models with remarkable success, whilst the architects created new types of quadrilateral, octagonal and cruciform wooden churches and raised their cupolas to lofty heights, original Russian replicas of the Gothic style.

The new period of Moscow stone architecture drew its inspiration from the Vladimir-Suzdal school and the Italian architects employed by Ivan III were asked to conform to it, as shown by the finest work of this period, the cathedral of the Assumption (1475-9). The cathedral of the Annunciation (1490), built by Russian artisans of Pskov, was a reversion to native tradition which followed the architecture of the wooden churches. Italian architects who took the place of the Greek craftsmen worked for half a century on building the Kremlin walls, new churches and palaces, fusing their Renaissance art with Russian forms. But the Russian architects soon mastered the technique and carried on the adaptation to stone architecture of forms peculiar to the national craft of woodwork. The first half of the 16th century saw a number of such buildings, the finest of them being the cathedral of St Basil the Blessed. Here we reach the final stage of the evolution that took its origin from Byzantium.

These architectural innovations were bound to clash with the national and conservative tendencies that had contributed most to the ascendancy of Moscow and Russian Tsardom. If Moscow was to be the Third Rome, was it not the Russians' and the Tsars' duty to preserve undiluted the old traditions of orthodoxy as contained in the old Russian holy books? Church and State felt bound to revert to pre-Mongol forms of church architecture and condemned the new style, which as a result only managed to survive in the Upper Volga region centering round Yaroslavl.

The new national spirit cut short a very fruitful evolution both in art and in culture. Since the Greeks had apostatized, everything from that quarter, even via the West, in the shape of the classical Renaissance, came under Russian suspicion. The Western Renaissance had by that time reached Poland and Lithuania, two dangerous rivals of the Tsars. It is true that Muscovite Russia had extended with astounding rapidity its power over Yaroslavl, Novgorod, Tver, Vyatka, Pskov, Kazan, Astrakhan, gained a footing on the White Sea shores and penetrated over the Urals into western Siberia, but Kiev and the rest of Old Russia was still in the hands of the Latins who had liberated Ukraine from the Mongols. They were the enemies of orthodoxy who had actually allured many Ukrainians into the union with Rome (1590). This national and political rivalry so accentuated religious and cultural antagonism that even prominent writers of the 16th century such as Prince Kurbsky, John Chvorostnii and the monk John Vyshensky looked upon Latin scholarship as a menace to orthodoxy.

Henceforth, Greek influences were banned in the very name of old Greek traditions, and this at a time when Russia, after her protracted isolation, stood most in need of inspiration. But only the 'holy books' of pre-Mongol days, which embodied the incomplete legacy from Byzantium, were admitted as a basis for orthodoxy and reverently re-edited by the Metropolitan Macarius. Such excessive conservatism did the Russian Church no good. When the Patriarch Nikon set out to correct the corrupted texts by collating them with the Greek originals, he unwittingly let loose the schism of the 'Old Believers', who, with Avvakum at their head, refused to submit to the reform.

In spite of this hostility, Western influences did penetrate into Muscovite Russia with interesting results for Russian painting. For the Greek third Renaissance of the period of the Paleologues had provided the Russians with new incentives, and contact with the West in matters of art was maintained



From "Moskau" (Alexys A. Sidorov)

*Translated into stone, the same national taste produced such fantasies as the cathedral of Basil the Blessed in Moscow, built by the Russian architects Postnik and Barma in 1550-60*

through Venice, perhaps also through the Serbian and Bulgarian channels of the 13th and 14th centuries and lastly through the Italo-Cretan school, renowned for its Byzantine icons of a Western Renaissance character. These contacts brought about a revival of Russian painting during the Moscow period which flourished from the 15th to the end of the 17th century. The Greek Theophanes and his collaborators represent it at its best with their frescoes and their "illusionism" in the churches of Moscow and Novgorod. Andrew Rublev, Daniel Cherny and Dionysius followed the tradition thus set.

The world-famous Russian icons were the creation of these and other artists. The demand for them was unending and the public's eagerness to see on the icons as many details as could be crowded into them gave

the artists full scope for movement and life. It also enabled them to elude the authorities' repeated efforts to ban every influence from the West. Schools of painting like the workshop of Dionysius and his son Theodore, and the school of the Stroganov family, sprang up in Novgorod, in Suzdal, in the Moscow palace of the Tsars, to produce the masterpieces the world knows.

The West influenced Muscovite Russia also in other fields. The Patriarch Nikon (1652-1666), in his endeavours for Church reform, drew his inspiration from the Western mediaeval notion of the superiority of the spiritual power over the secular and tried to pit it against the Byzantine principle of imperial theocracy. But this was too alien to the Byzantine conception to relax its hold on the Russian mind and to prevail in 17th-century Russia. There had been in Russia ever since the 15th century many who believed in greater freedom for the Church and their arguments were made to rest on Byzantine and Russian tradition in a modern garb. Had Nikon followed in their footsteps, his attempt might have had a fairer chance.

*A scene inside the Kremlin, from a Russian print representing the coronation procession of Michael Romanov in 1613. The procession leaves the cathedral of Our Lady's Assumption and heads for the Golden Hall in the middle of the picture. On the extreme left is the church of the Annunciation*

But his foreign ideas only alienated the orthodox masses and made them more suspicious of reforms, however well meant. Russia thus lost her opportunity for modernizing her relations between Church and State.

The national orthodox spirit scored, however, in one particular: it prevented the Western Reformation from gaining access to Russia. Its new doctrine was repudiated not only for being foreign, but for contradicting the 'old holy books', which alone served the devout Russian monks and priests in their campaign for a more intimate contact with God.

The reactionaries were less successful in stopping the infiltration of Western learning into Moscow. Kiev became the cultural centre of the orthodox Ukrainians and the Academy of Kiev, founded in 1631 by the Western-educated Metropolitan Peter Mogila, trained a number of ecclesiastics in Western learning. Many of them found their way to Muscovy, especially after the cession of Kiev to the Tsar by Poland (1667). Among them, Peter the Great found enthusiastic supporters for his reforms.

This ruler started his reign (in 1689) as a

*By courtesy of the British Museum*





From "History of Russian Art" (Grabar)

Russian architects, trained by Western masters, built the Terem Palace in the Kremlin for Tsar Michael Romanov in 1635-6. They combined elements from many sources—Byzantine, Renaissance, even Gothic—into a flamboyant expression of the Russian national style as it had then developed

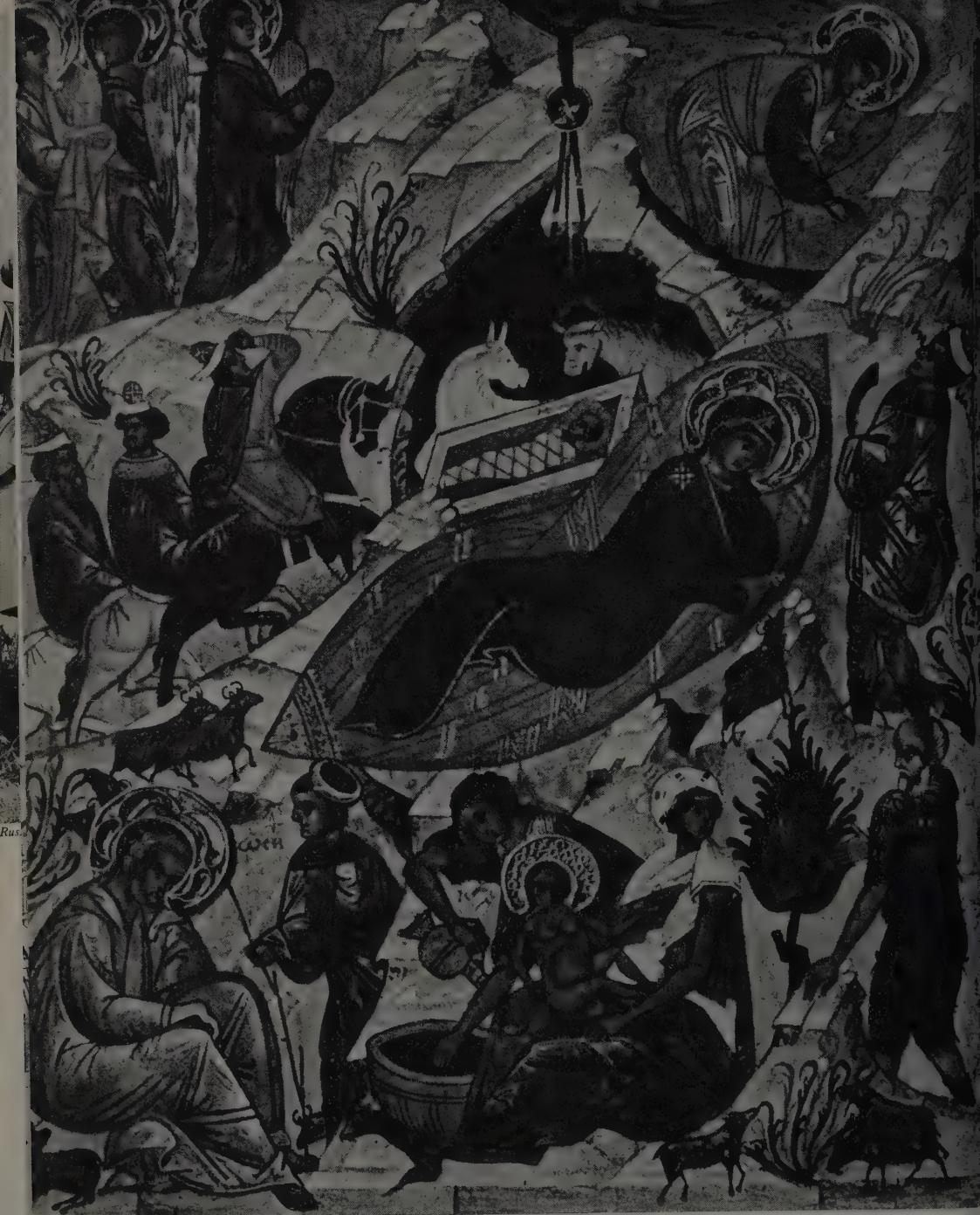
Byzantine Basileus, but keener on the material than on the spiritual welfare of his people. His practical-mindedness and his incapacity to appreciate Byzantine thought in its finer shades were responsible for his wholesale adoption of Western ideas and customs and his sweeping changes in the organization of the Russian Church. And yet the introduction of Western political thought and its adaptation to Byzantine principles of rulership did not seem as revolutionary to Peter as it proved to be later. Western and Russian thought sprang from the same Greek source: only, in the Western Renaissance, the newly rediscovered Greek notions combined with Roman and Germanic premises in support of the principle of popular sovereignty delegated to absolute rulers, who in their turn were chosen by the grace of God.

Rulers were thus not representatives of God and leaders of their people to God, as in the Byzantine conception known to Muscovite Russia, but, first and foremost, servants of the community and of the State. The Church,

though subject to the rulers' authority, was confined to the performance of religious duties. Its usefulness was measured by its contribution to the service of the people and of the State.

These ideas appealed to Peter; and as they were coupled with the Byzantine concept of the Tsar being supreme judge in Church matters and ruling over the Church as well as over the State, they roused no suspicions among the orthodox prelates. Peter's 'Spiritual Regulations' met with no opposition; and as their author, the Russian Teofan Prokopovich, had cast them in Byzantine form, they were accepted as a genuine national production.

The fundamental difference between the new version and the old Russo-Byzantine ideal was realized only later, when the Patriarch was replaced by the Holy Synod and when the Church, placed under the management of the Tsar's Procurator, gradually found itself reduced to the condition of a State department at the service of the Tsar. In



From "Die Russischen Ikone" (N. P. Kondakov)

Crowded with movement and life, an icon of the Nativity shows what scope icon painting afforded the artist in the "golden age" of the Novgorod School (15th-16th century) and how much it owed to Byzantine influence



From "Die Russischen Ikone" (N. P. Kondakov)

An icon of similar origin, though somewhat later in date, draws inspiration from the school of the famous icon-painter Dionysius. It portrays Saints Flor and Luur, venerated as the patron saints of horse-breeding



From an engraving by Chr. Rothgässer, by courtesy of the British Museum

Westerners on a visit to Moscow in the mid-17th century. Led by the Tsar on foot, the Patriarch rides in the Palm Sunday procession from the Tower of the Saviour in the Kremlin wall to the cathedral of Basil the Blessed. The Orthodox make obeisance; the foreigners, uncovered, remain erect

vain, then, did the old Byzantine and Russian spirit rebel against the new yoke: the inrush of Western ideas proved overwhelming. Thus the more direct Greek inspiration of Russian culture, from Byzantium at first hand rather than from Athens at second hand, led to the subordination of religion and the Church, making it unable either to reform itself or to resist the introduction of Western ideas in the various shapes that they took from Peter's time onward, their culmination being the materialistic and a-religious doctrines of State Communism.

The new infatuation also stopped the promising evolution in the national art of icon painting, as the greed for Western products brought on the neglect of native self-expression in favour of easy-going imitation. And yet, though the Mongol tyranny and an ill-digested Westernization left Russia no time for a complete assimilation of the Byzantine inheritance, a Byzantine leaven has always conditioned Russian institutions, even to the present day. It is still present in

what is left of the Church, and perhaps also in the Soviet constitution, that curious blend of Byzantine autocracy and Western democracy. Even its tolerance for the existence of autonomous republics may reflect the Byzantine attitude towards minor nations, left free to use their own language and customs, as long as they recognized the supreme Basileus and professed his faith. The Russo-Byzantine idea of the Third Rome and of Russia's messianic mission is still very much alive, and the Byzantine student will readily recognize in the diplomatic and administrative methods of modern Russia features that were once familiar in the city of Constantine and in the empire ruled by the Basileus.

Only familiarity with Russia's Byzantine antecedents will explain how the same political principles, which once originated from Greece and Athens, developed along such different lines in the West and in the Russian East. In this deviation we shall find one of the main causes of the crisis that we are facing today.

# What can George Cox do for Holborn?

by IAN MACKAY

EXCEPTING Manhattan Island, there is probably no other place on the surface of this distracted globe which embraces, in such a small compass, so many varied races and classes, creeds and colours and such a bewildering conglomeration of odd trades, exotic sects, queer coteries, reactionary clubs and revolutionary cliques, world-famous institutions, lofty idealists, squalid malefactors and picturesque professions—from the oldest to the newest in the world—as you will find in that small municipality in the heart of Central London which became known, on the opening day of the present century, as the Metropolitan Borough of Holborn.

Crowded, compact and shaped like a slightly squashed lozenge, Holborn is the smallest of the twenty-eight boroughs which lie within the Metropolitan margins. Roughly about the same size as the City—with which it marches for one adventurous furlong along the noisy commercial canyon of High Holborn, from the gutter Golconda of Hatton Garden in the east to the cloistral calm of Lincoln's Inn on the border of Westminster—it stretches in a splendid confusion of magnificence and squalor from King's Cross to Covent Garden and from Smithfield to Soho and the fringes of Piccadilly.

Inside their narrow confines, in a fascinating world of their own, the colourful people of Holborn carry on their incredibly varied and ever-expanding activities without paying very much attention to their more dignified neighbours in the City or to the pomps and vanities of Westminster and the West End. For while the City is dedicated to commerce and Westminster to politics and pleasure, wiser Holborn has placed her eggs in many baskets.

Holborn is undoubtedly the educational and cultural centre of the capital for, apart from London University, the British Museum and the London School of Economics which are all in the borough, there are over forty famous schools and academies ranging from theology, drama, Egyptology and engineering to Oriental and Slavonic studies, to say nothing of the world-famous schools of medicine, pharmacy, and the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. Here too are the head-

quarters of the doctors—the B.M.A.—the musicians, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, the goldsmiths and silversmiths, the distillers, the furniture trade, the auctioneers and estate agents, the trade unions, archaeologists, explorers, the Indian students, the Slade School of Fine Art, the School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, the second-hand book trade, the yogi movement, the weekly reviews, the surrealists and the corduroy-and-suede-shoes school of poetry, the Quakers (and the atheists), the College of Preceptors, the Dickens Fellowship, the Inns of Court and the world's diamond market.

The borough contains within its boundaries many famous shrines and birthplaces: the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, the house in Furnival's Inn where the young Dickens wrote *Pickwick* in breathless weekly bursts to catch the press, the catalpa tree which Bacon planted, the houses where Disraeli and Ruskin were born and Mazzini, Rossetti, William Morris, Verlaine and Rimbaud lived, the Old Curiosity Shop, the house in Tavistock Place where they first weighed the earth, the surgery in Montague Place where Sherlock Holmes was born and the driveway in Jockey Fields where Nell Gwynn pacified the howling mob by sweetly explaining that she was “the Protestant whore”.

Such is the place that George Ernest Cox, 45-year-old bricklayer and lifelong Socialist, now rules over as the first Labour Mayor Holborn has had since the Duke of Bedford took the chair for the first time away back in 1900. George Cox is a typical Londoner of the Morrison type, neat, sharp-witted, honest, industrious, fond of a fight, swift in action, slow in wrath, with a strong comic strain in him and that brisk suggestion of a cock sparrow about him that marks the true Cockney.

During his year of office he has wisely cut himself off from all Party politics inside the Borough, though he intends to attend the Labour Party Conference at Whitsun as the delegate of his union, the powerful Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers. For as Mayor of Holborn George Cox is the servant of the people and not a Party boss. Though Holborn went Socialist at the last



*A council meeting is item one on to-day's agenda. The Mayor sits between the Deputy Mayor, one of thirteen women in the Holborn Borough Council, and the Acting Town Clerk. Besides such meetings, the Mayor attends an average of fifteen committees a week on differing subjects—Public Health, Rating and Valuation, War Pensions, etc. Thus he has a formidable amount of reports to absorb, subjects to read up and speeches to prepare*



*The council meeting over, the Mayor walks down Gray's Inn Road, noting with approval a large hoarding. The Council believes in letting people know what it is doing. These extensions to the present Public Library in High Holborn are built on bombed sites and were opened by Mr Peter Cheyney in April. This smallest Metropolitan borough intends to spend £21,650 more in the coming year on social services than last year*

gn of the times. The first Mayor of Holborn was the Duke of Bedford; the present Mayor is in the building trade. Notwithstanding heavy mayoral duties, he manages to fit in an average of five hours a day as a clerk of works on building jobs. Expert with a trowel, he can lay 700-800 bricks a day. His opinion on the present-day wage of 200-300 is "pitiful, but understandable with the war-time and post-war influx of unskilled men"

the afternoon, lighter entertainments. At a children's party at St. S School House Mr Mayor looked impressive in complete regalia, his peaked hat disappeared over the Mace-Bearer's arm and a formal one was substituted. For, being a Mayor was an expensive business as the position entails considerable hospitality. This year, for the first time, Holborn has voted its allowance of £750





*The housing planners confer. The blue-prints under discussion are for blocks of working-class flats in Great Ormond Street, some of which may be ready by the end of the year. They are to be of latest design, incorporating all modern improvements; furthermore, the rent will be very reasonable. Those hoping to day for a flat in Holborn should take heart on hearing that the Mayor is keenly interested in housing.*

*Holborn suffers from a lack of open spaces and parks, so plans are in progress to make the most of its green squares. In Bloomsbury, Russell Square, with London University towering in the distance, workmen will soon be busy with plants and turf, for it is to remain open; previously it was closed to the public. In the summer an open-air theatre is planned and another attraction will be a Spanish "festa".*



photographs from Pictorial Press

After the conference the planners visit the site. Ground in Holborn is fantastically expensive; the Council considers itself lucky to have obtained this site at £60,000 an acre. Six blocks of flats are going up, all with lifts, central heating and a central supply of hot water; no fireplaces are being installed. In some, communal laundries are planned and lock-up stores in the basement are provided for the tenants

The Right Worshipful the Mayor of Holborn. His public career began when he was a spokesman of the Amalgamated Union of Building Trade Workers. For the last ten years he has been a Councillor in Holborn. He is the first Labour Mayor of the Borough, although Holborn is represented in Parliament by a Conservative. Such incongruities call for a spirit of tolerance in the administration of local government



municipal election the Parliamentary representative, The Hon. Max Aitken—Beaverbrook's heir—is a staunch Conservative.

As George Cox put it when we discussed his job over a meagre fire in the Mayor's Parlour one bitter morning during the great 'freeze-up': "I have to be father confessor to everybody and keep the whole world happy."

The odd thing is that, as Mayor, George Cox has no personal power at all.

"In that respect," he said, "I am in the same fix as the King. In a small way I am a kind of constitutional municipal monarch. I move about in the limelight, sign all the decrees and open the shows, but I have to do exactly what my advisers the Holborn Borough Council tell me. The Chairmen of Committees do all the real work. I am only the figure-head or the façade."

Despite this modest denigration of his task Mr Cox is really the hardest-worked man in the borough. He lives in a small flat in front of the British Museum, a few yards away from the Town Hall, but he seldom sees it except when he tumbles tired-out into bed after midnight. He showed me his schedule for an average week. In six days he attended fifteen important Committees, addressed four meetings and conferences and attended two funerals, a fire brigade display, an exhibition in Oxford Street and a road-safety film in Wardour Street. All this is on top of the dull round of routine work without which the whole administrative machine would break down.

As a Metropolitan Borough Holborn cannot do just what it likes. Over a wide field of civic activity the London County Council rules the roost and Mr Cox and his colleagues have to work as best they can with the perpetual menace of the spur or the curb of County Hall always hanging over them.

Nevertheless there is quite a lot George Cox can do for Holborn—and he is doing it in his quietly efficient way. He is particularly striving to catch up on the housing needs in the crowded area between Southampton Row and Gray's Inn Road. There is a sordid, slatternly look about some of the streets in that heavily blitzed district and the Council is well on with a big programme of working-class flats which promise to be the finest in the world.

Cox is also planning to keep some of the bombed sites as permanent open spaces. Holborn has the finest residential squares in Europe, but apart from a few pathetic patches of churchyard green in St Giles and the private lawns of Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn—which the benchers have opened to the public—there are no parks or open spaces at all. Cox and his colleagues are planning to

turn the squares into playgrounds for the people this summer. Plays and a Spanish "fiesta" will be produced in Russell Square and some of the other big Bloomsbury squares.

Another big new development which has been started is a Children's Library recently opened in the Gray's Inn Road. Holborn has done much municipal pioneering, including the world's first laundry service for bachelors. This has been running three months and the rush of men to the municipal wash-house was so great that the Council was forced to cut down the facilities for the women on one night a week to make room for the men. There are now more men doing their washing in the Holborn laundry than women. Mr Cox estimates that 3000 Holborn families out of a night population of about 30,000 have no baths and 5000 have no laundry facilities.

Down in Seven Dials—where Fagin ran his school for thieves—an old police station has been taken over and converted into a cultural centre for youths under eighteen and a social club for older folks.

Mr Cox has one great objective: to prevent Holborn losing its picturesque personality and becoming a mere satellite of the City of London. "We cannot prevent Holborn becoming a business centre—in fact we encourage it. But we are determined to maintain the lovely residential squares and quaint corners which make the place such an adventurous mixed community."

Holborn's infinite variety is reflected on the Borough Council over which George Cox the bricklayer presides. There are 49 councillors and aldermen, including 13 women, and among them there are big business men, civil servants, artists, authors, builders, bookbinders, teachers, journalists, a West End actor and a Covent Garden porter.

In no way does the British municipal system shine more brightly than in the matter of patronage and graft. As Mr Cox put it: "Even if I wanted to pinch a few perqs for myself or plums for my pals I just wouldn't know how to begin. As Mayor of Holborn I have no power of patronage during my year of office. And even if I tried any monkey business the permanent officials—the Council's civil servants, so to speak—are there to stop me."

In Holborn, under the general guidance of the democratically elected Council, the Town Clerk and his officials are permanent and the Mayor and they between them carry out what the Council decides should be done. The electors, in fact, get the kind of government for which they voted.